The Enslow Song Book

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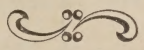
THE ENSLOW SONG BOOK

EDITED BY

THE ENSLOW BROTHERS, EVANGELISTS

FOR USE IN ALL GOSPEL MEETINGS



FOR TERMS AND PRICES, ADDRESS

FRED A. ENSLOW
KEWANEE,
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OR

F. LEROY ENSLOW
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MY PRAYER LIST

With God's help, I promise to pray earnestly and work persistently for the conversion of the following persons:

MY PLEDGE

Lord Jesus, Thou hast sent Thy people to carry Thy gospel to every creature. But few of them have gone, and the world is perishing! Here and now I wish to give my life to Thee for missionary service, in obedience to Thy last command, purposing, as far as I am able, to take or send the gospel to every creature. Today I yield myself to Thee, to be used by Thee in saving souls. With or without a zeal and love for souls, with or without courage, with or without seeing results, I will keep right on praying for, and speaking to, people about their great need, and of Jesus the mighty to save.

Signed,.....

THE ENSLOW SONG BOOK.

---

1 Jesus, Take Me In.*

JOHN WILLAN. JOHN WILLAN.

1. Have mer - cy on me, Je - sus, And wash a - way my sin;
2. I long to be for - giv - en, And know that I am thine;
3. I know I'm vile and sin - ful, And oft - en full of doubt;
4. Re - mem - ber thy rich prom-ise, Re- mem - ber Cal - va - ry,
5. Oh, yes, lost one, I'll take you, For such I came to save;

I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-iour, Wilt thou not take me in?
Oh, let me now come to thee, And take this heart of mine.
But yet I must come to thee, Oh, do not cast me out!
And let a poor, lost sin - ner Take shel - ter, Lord, in thee.
I long for you have wait-ed, Now look, be- lieve and live.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, take me in, Je - sus, take me in!

Cho. for last verse.

I will take you in, I will take you in;

rall.

I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-iour, Wilt thou not take me in?
You're lost, but I will save you, And free - ly take you in.

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The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to-ry, The
vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go buck - le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un - to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Chris-tian

sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, ... With ar- mor

gleam-ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

3 Take Me As I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,

:S: FIN.

O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D. S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am

Sweet Will of God.

Mrs. C. H. M. Duet.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em -
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward

thine and thine a - lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee ..... my soul can

rit.

Chorus.

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

} Sweet will of God, still

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of

God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee

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Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle for-bearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav - iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty."

Chorus.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey a- bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
} How beautiful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells

ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

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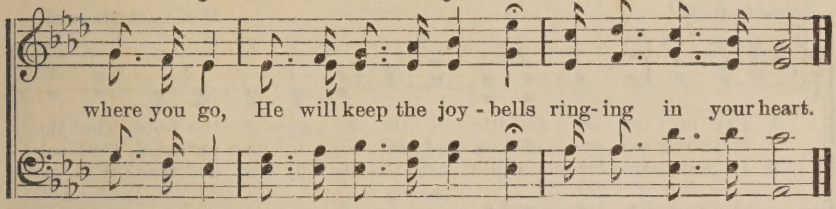
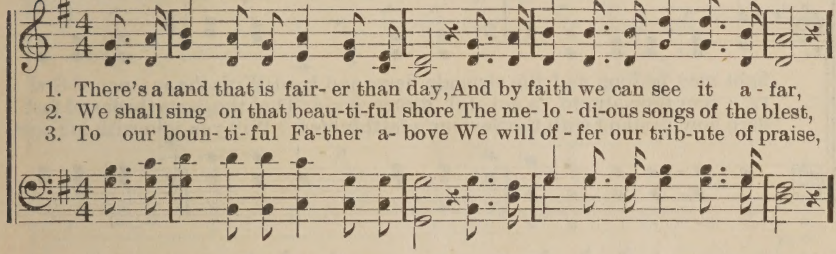
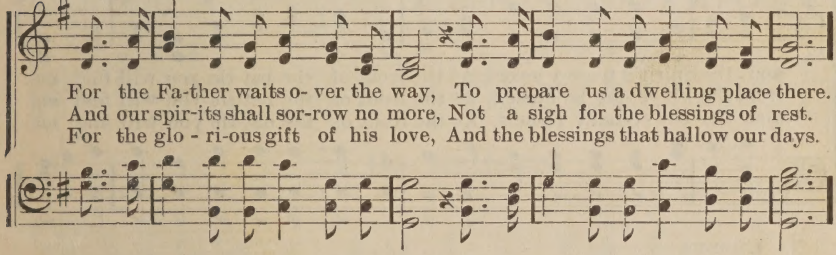
You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

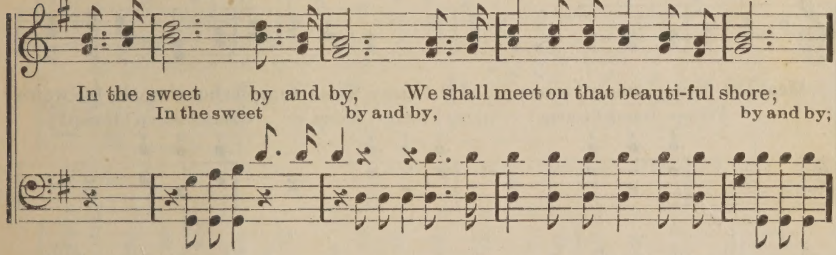


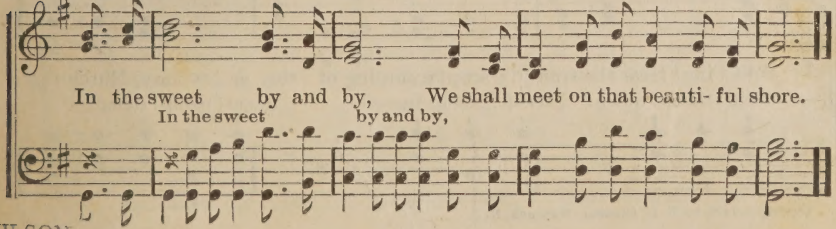
7 Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.









WILSON
NcU

At the Battle's Front.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

Chorus.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious

hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this

tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar-my, At the front of the battle you will find me.

tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

9

I Do Believe.

I. WATTS. UNKNOWN.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovreign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D.C. for Chorus.

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Anchored At Last.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O so long was my bark toss'd a-bout on life's sea, But I've anchor'd in
2. Safely moor'd to the Rock which no tempest can shake, I have anchor'd in
3. In the har- bor of faith there is safe- ty and rest, I have anchor'd in
4. Deeper grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have anchor'd in

Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gently calling to me, And I've
Je-sus at last; Tho' the billows in fu - ry around me may break, I have
Je-sus at last; And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast, I have
Je-sus at last; And by simply be-liev - ing I'm safe ev-er-more, I have

CHORUS.

anchor'd in Je - sus at last. At last!.... at last!.....
I've anchor'd in Jesus, I've anchor'd at last,

All my doubtings are o - ver, my struggling is past, And the load of my

sin at his feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je-sus at last.
at last.

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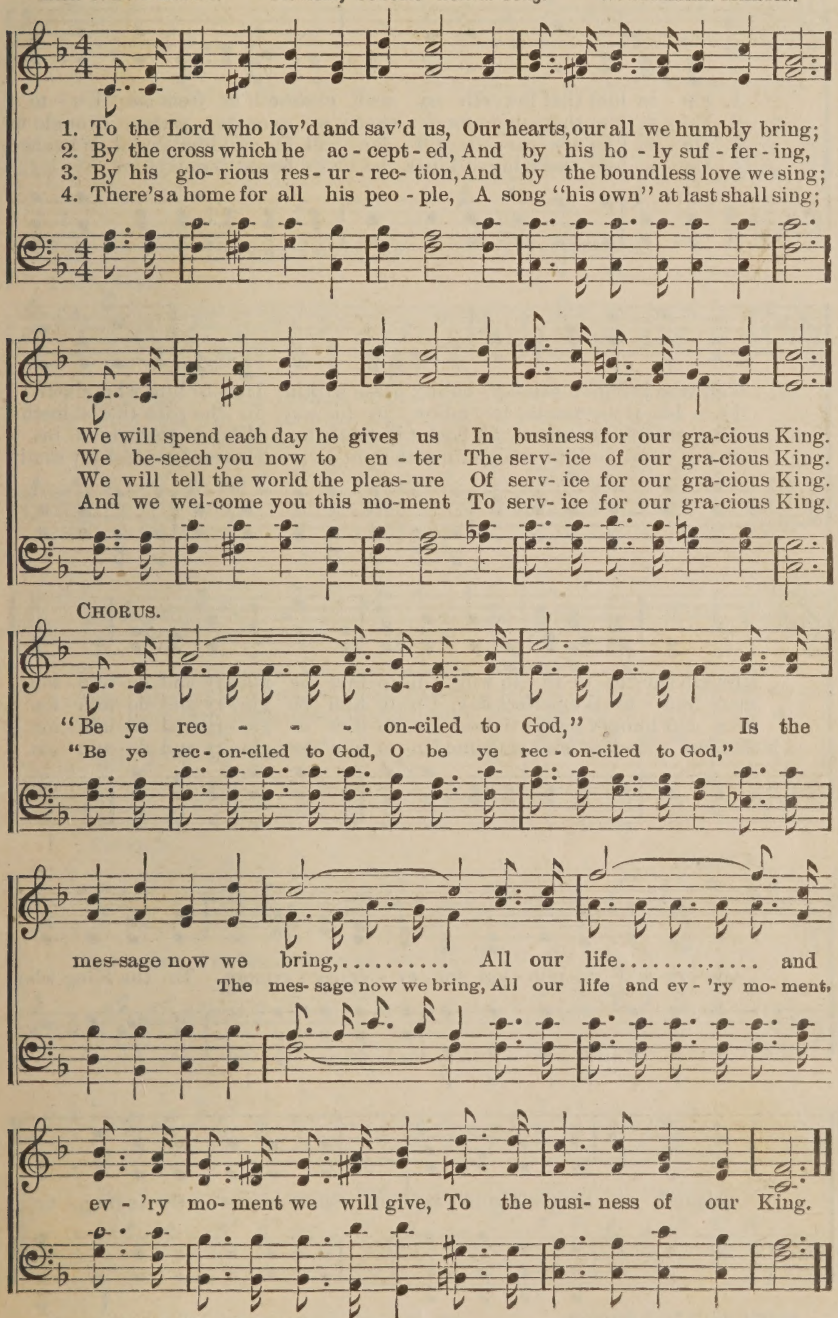
Doing Business for the King.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Dr. Henry Ostroms' Revival Song. W. Stillman Martin.



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Glory and Dominion.

E. E. Hewitt. 1 Peter 5: 11. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Un - to him that lov - eth us, and cleanseth us from sin; Un - to him who bringeth calm, a - biding peace within; Un - to him who giveth strength the vic - to - ry to win; Un- to him be glo - ry and do- min - ion.
2. Un - to him that sought for us when we were far astray, Brought us by his grace untold, to follow in his way, In the path that shineth more un - to the perfect day, Un- to him be glo - ry and do- min - ion.
3. Un - to him who car- eth still for all his children's need, Who, be- side refreshing streams, his flock will gently lead, Who, in pastures of his love, our hungry souls will feed, Un- to him be glo - ry and do- min - ion.
4. Un - to him, the King of kings, let love's bright jewels shine, Ev - 'ry star of hope, for him, shall burn with light divine; Fairest flow'rs of joy shall bloom, and 'round his cross entwine; Un- to him be glo - ry and do- min - ion.

Chorus.

Glo - ry and do- min - ion for - ev - er, ev - ermore, To the King who reigneth on heaven's gold - en shore; Saints above are singing, ar-

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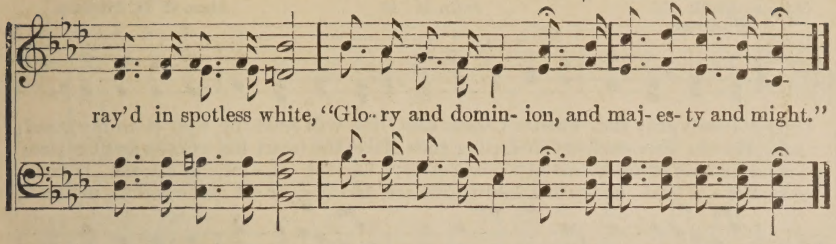
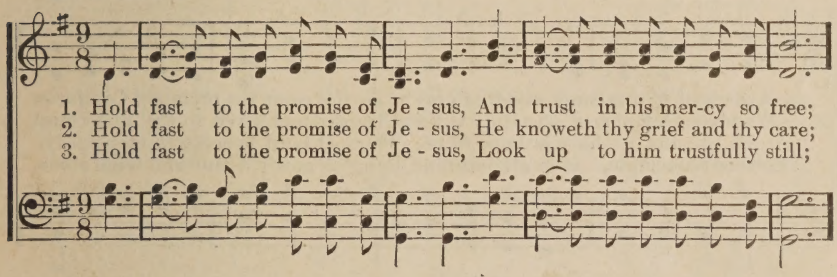
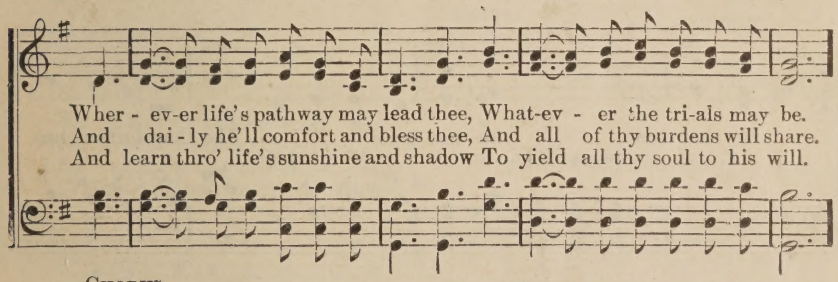
Glory and Dominion.—Concluded.



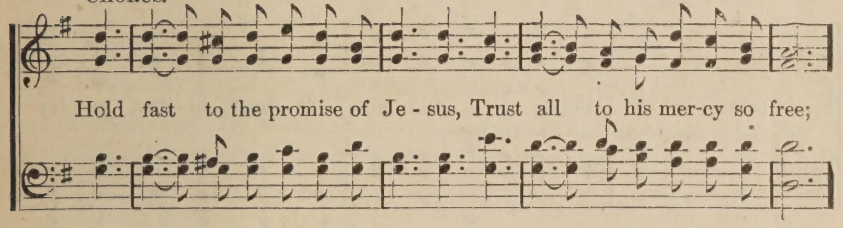
13 Hold Fast to the Promise.

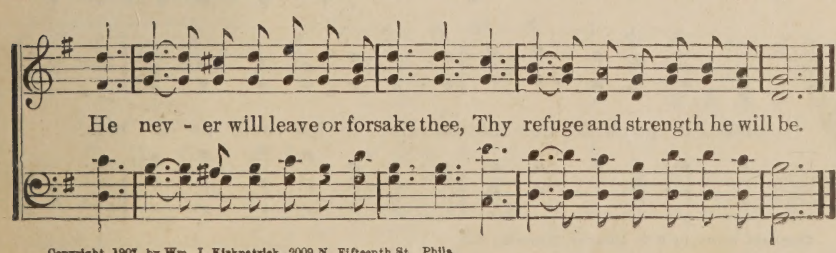
IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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He Has Come to Abide.

MRS. C. H. M. John 14: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Moderato.

1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place;
3. For this fulness all my being cries; On the al - tar is my sac - ri-fice,
4. Ver - y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir - it come and fill my heart;

Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.
Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.

CHORUS.

He has come, he has come to a - bide, to a - bide, The Com-fort-er has

cres.

come to a - bide;..... Bid him wel - come to - day, ev - 'ry door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort - er has come to a - bide.

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He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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16 Conquerors Through the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M. Rom. 8: 37. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Conquerors and o-vercom-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-vercoming sin and all un -
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna

vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his
righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal- va- tion
sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of

CHORUS.

mighty pow'r can e'er prevail.
and for blood-bought victo-ry.
white and golden crown shall wear.

Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the
Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,

blood; thro' the blood; God will give.... us vic-to - ry, thro' the
thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic - to-ry,

blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
thro' the blood. thro' the blood,

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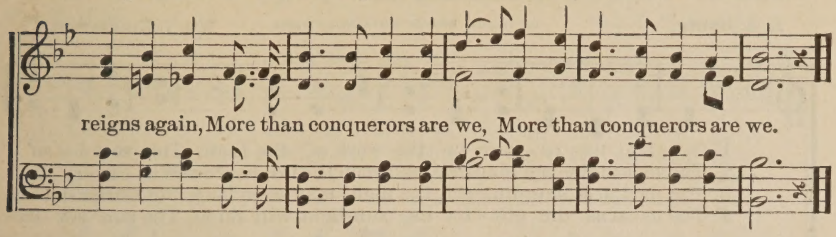
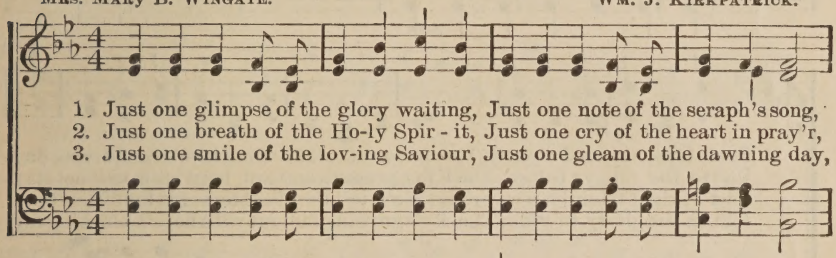
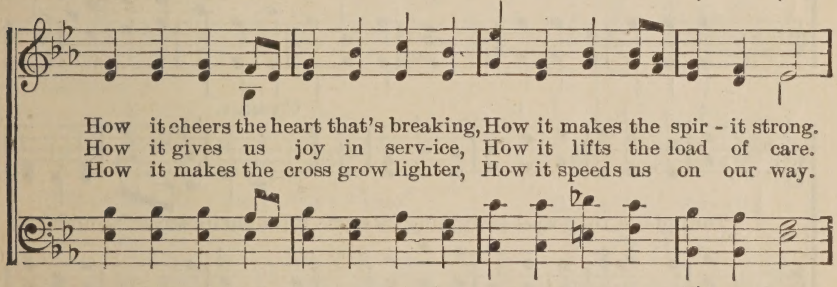
Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.

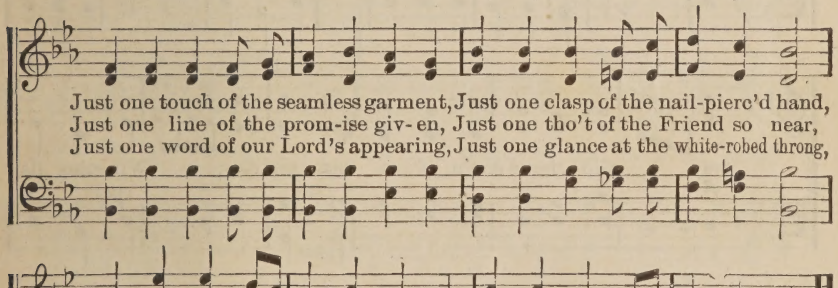


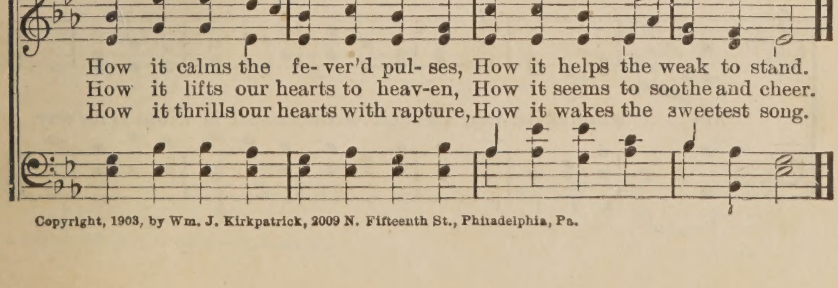
17 Just One Glimpse.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.









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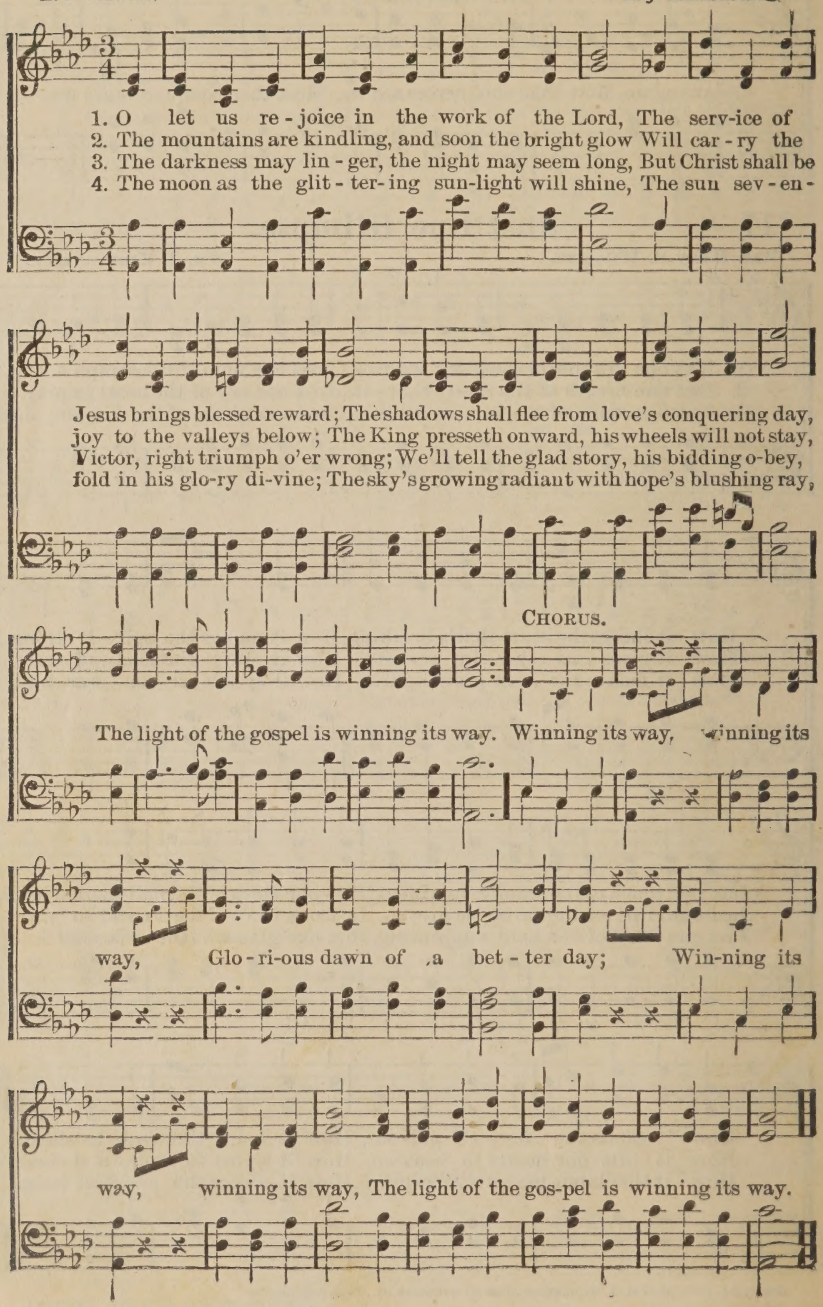
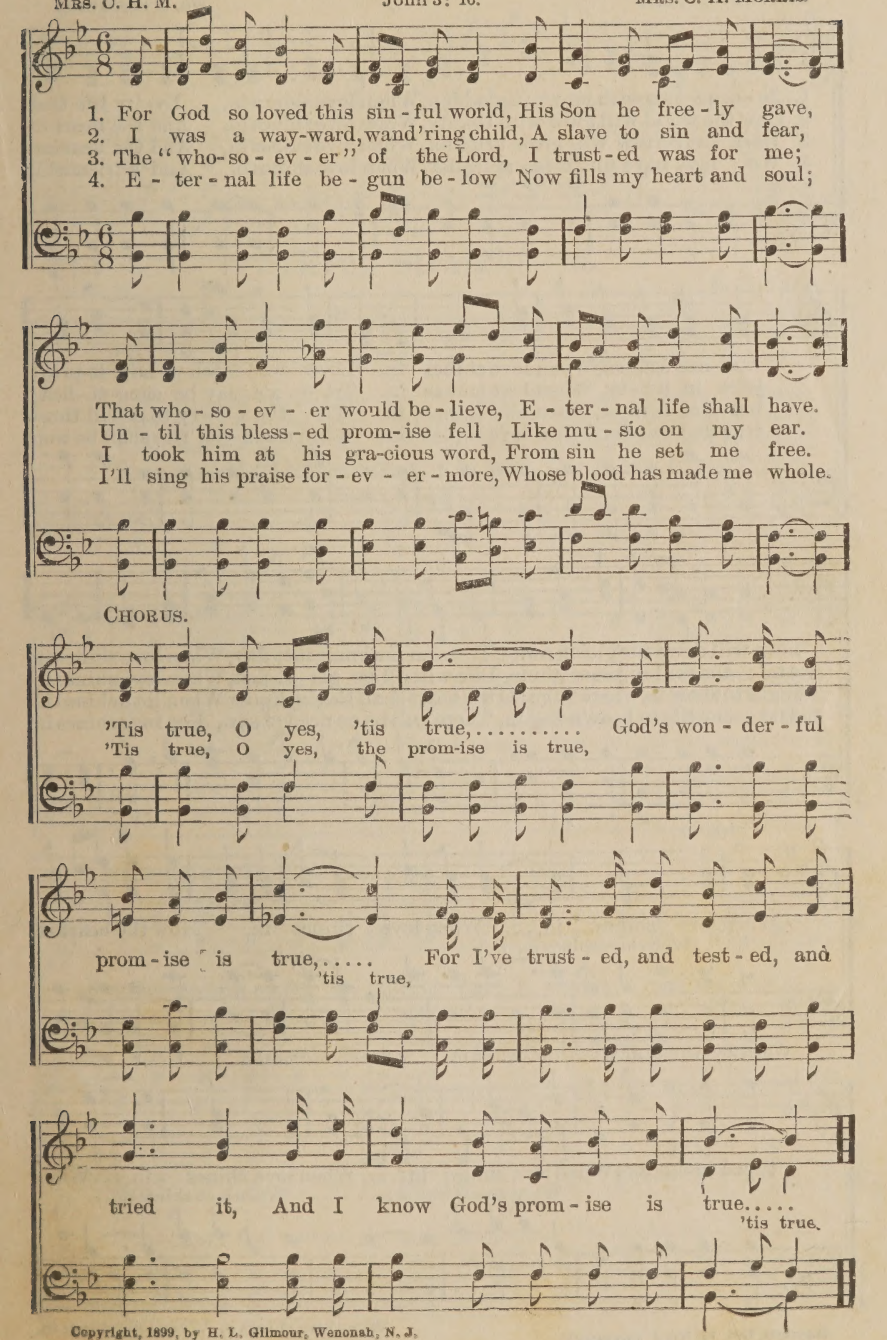
Winning Its Way.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



19 I Know God's Promise is True.

MRS. C. H. M. John 3: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that
woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,

2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,

3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw

4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

Chorus.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . When love shines in, . . . When
When love shines in; . . When love shines in, . . .
When love shines in, When love shines in.

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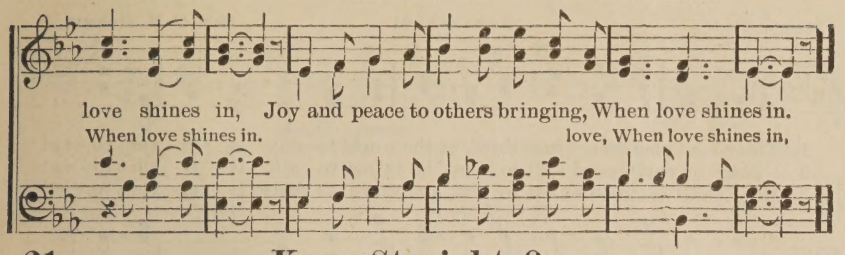
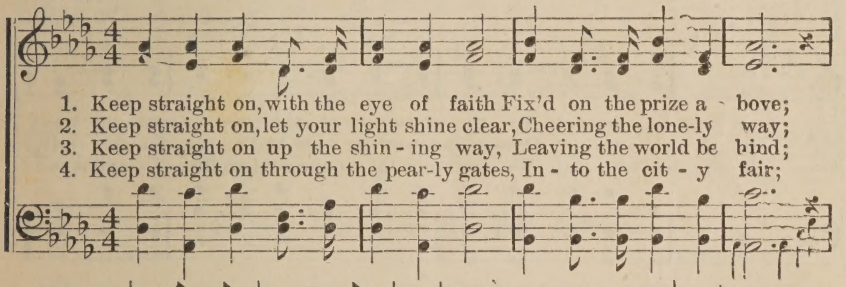
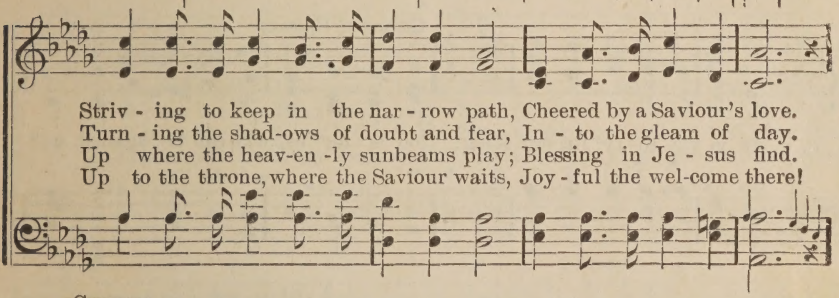
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



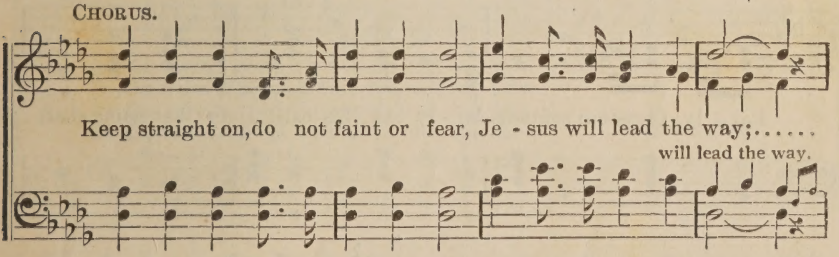
21 Keep Straight On.

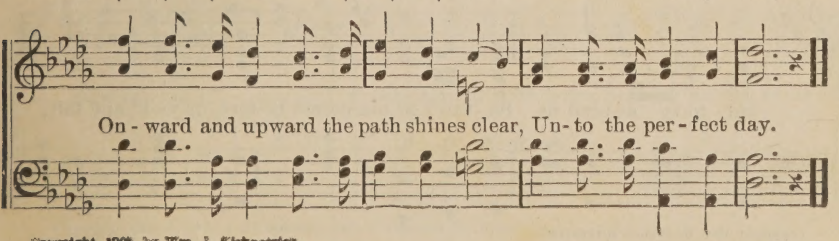
R. C. W. R. C. WARD.





CHORUS.





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God Is For Us.

MRS. C. H. M. ROMANS 8: 31. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to- day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!

it is vic - to- ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to- ry! Pris- on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet- ters fall;
it is vic - to- ry! Ev - 'ry mor-tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

It is vic- to- ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?

Ral - ly, Christian soldiers, ral - ly at his call; In his name shall

vic - to-ry at-tend us, Sa - tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

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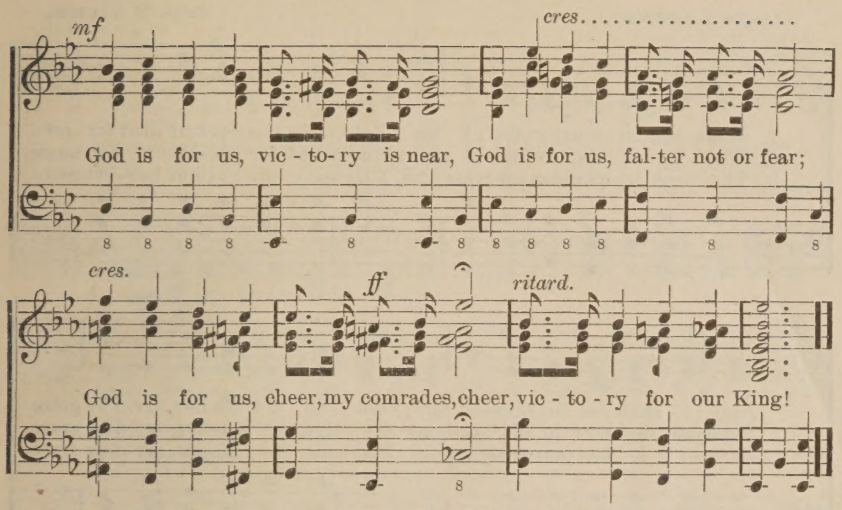
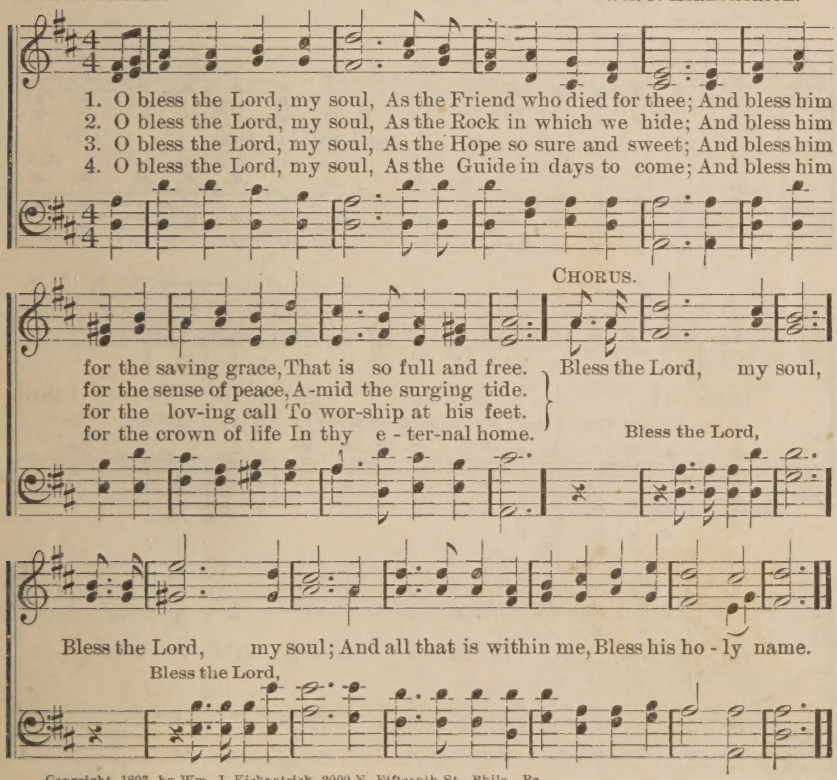
God Is For Us.—Concluded.



23 Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un- worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev- er - more;

And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

In glo - - - - ry I shall see his face, His
In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall

blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - ry I shall
see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see his

see his face,..... For I'm a sin - ner, sav'd by grace!
face, his bless - ed face,

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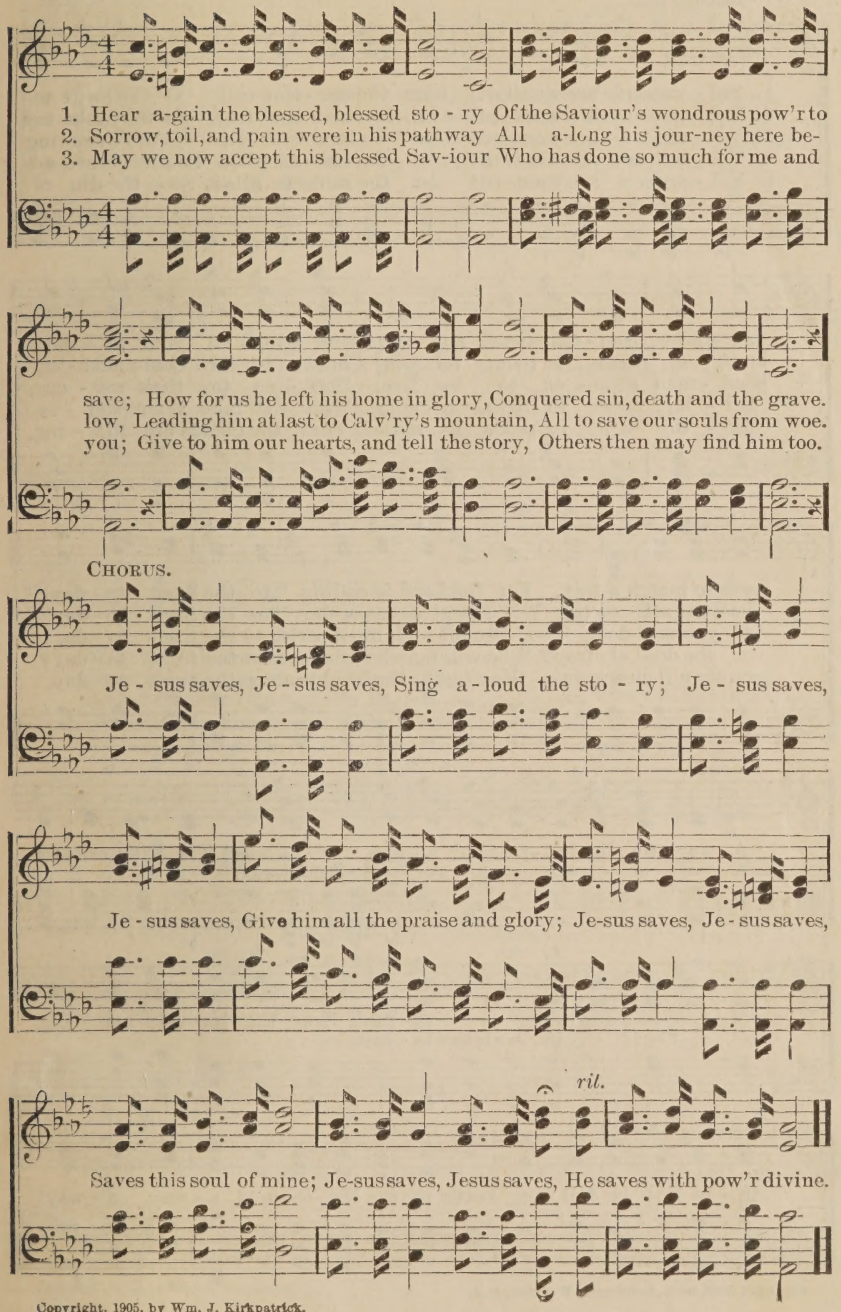
He Saves with Power Divine.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER



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Volunteers to the Front!

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

Martial style.

1. Vol - unteers are want- ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - unteers are want- ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - unteers are want- ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving
4. Vol - unteers are want- ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are
5. Vol - unteers are want- ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of

an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er,
bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,

haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"
let us all o - bey When he gives the or-der, "to the front to - day!"
if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!
n the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.

CHORUS.

A - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a-way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat-tle-field, a-way,

sol - diers in his ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
sol - diers in his ranks to - day.

in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way!

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Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will fol- low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his ban- ner
2. Who will fol- low Je - sus In life's bus- y ways, Working for the Mas - ter,
3. Who will fol- low Je - sus When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safety
4. Who will fol- low Je - sus In his work of love? Leading oth- ers to him,

In the thick-est fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv-ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms? Trusting in his mer - cy, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
Lifting pray'rs a-bove? Cour-age, faith-ful serv-ant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will fol- low Je - sus, Serv-ing him to-day?
Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watchful for his cause?
Seek-ing fresh re-new-als Of his grace each hour?
On our side for- ev - er Will this Sav-iour be.
} Who will follow Je-sus?

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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Will You Not Come?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will you not come to the wonder-ful Sav-iour? Waiting to save you thro'
2. Will you not come to the life-giv-ing foun-tain, Open'd to wash all trans-
3. Will you not come while we're earnestly praying, Asking God's Spirit to

in - fi - nite love; Seeking his pardon en-treating his fa - vor, Finding the
gressions a-way? Flowing so freely from Calv'ry's dark mountain, "Whiter than
help you decide? Come to the Saviour who seeks for the straying, Come to the

Chorus.

bless-ing that comes from a - bove.
snow," it is cleans-ing to-day.
cross where for sin - ners he died.

Will you not come.....while the

Will you not come?

Saviour is call - - ing? Will you not come?.....

will you not come while the Saviour is call-ing?

Will you not come?

will you not come?.....Come while the dew - - drops of mer-cy are

will you not come?

Come while the dew - drops, the

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Will You Not Come?—Concluded.

ritard.

fall - ing, Will you not come, ... will you not come? . . . . .
dewdrops of mercy are falling, Will you not come, will you not come?

29 Jesus Loves You.

NELLIE G. RICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus loves you, will you hear him, Hear him call- ing you to - day;
2. Je - sus loves you, O be- lieve it, Do not spurn his lov - ing call;
3. Je - sus loves you, may you know it; Know he died that you might be
4. Je - sus loves you, he is call -ing, Waiting, knocking at your door;

Call - ing you to love and trust him; Call- ing you, from sin, a - way?
Come, and cast your care up - on him, Love, and trust him, that is all.
Sav'd from sin, from doubt, and straying; Sav'd thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
O - pen wide and let him en - ter, Let him dwell for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you, Do not let him love in vain;

Je - sus loves you, fond - ly loves you, O re - ject him not a - gain.

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The End is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count his blessings, and I fail to un - derstand
2. Like an arm - y I be - hold them pass be - fore me in re - view,
3. Sure - ly goodness, love and mer - cy have been mine a - long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich - ly reward; Could I count the stars of heaven,
O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in passing,
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness

add to them earth's grains of sand, Still his blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, ba - tallions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'erflowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
praise the Lord,

praise the Lord; Blessings new he's still be - stowing, And my
O praise the Lord;

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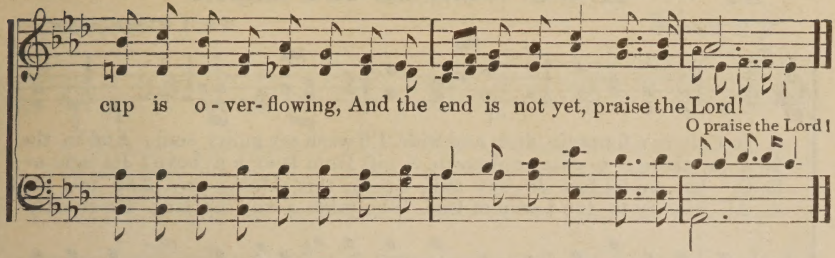
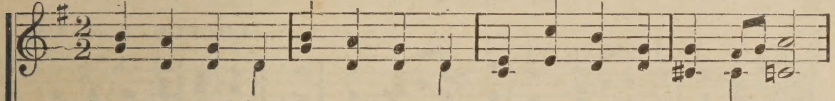
The End is Not Yet.—Concluded.

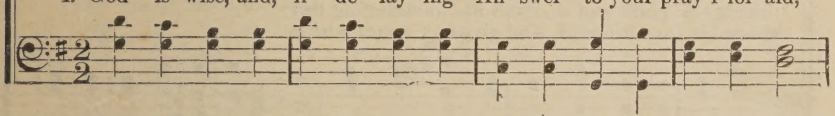


31 Keep On Praying.

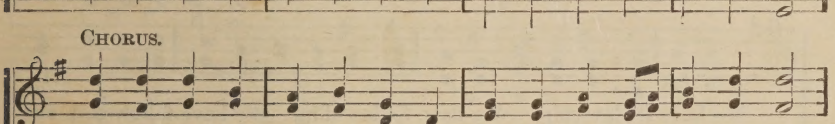
MRS. H. B. SPOOR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



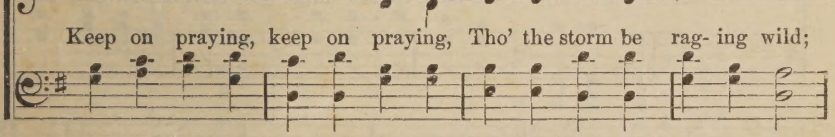
1. Does the world look dark and dreary? Are your tri - als more and more?
2. Do you sometimes think, most sad - ly, There is none your grief to share?
3. Pray'r will lift you near - er heav- en, In - to sunshine, pure and sweet;
4. God is wise, and, if de - lay- ing An- swer to your pray'r for aid,



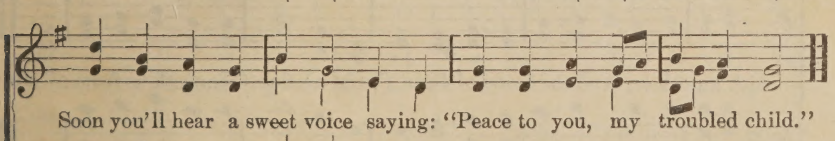
Have your feet grown tired and wea- ry? Does the tem - pest round you roar?
Just re- mem- ber, Je - sus, glad - ly, Ev - 'ry bur - den waits to bear.
Dark- est clouds will soon be riv - en, Soon be un - derneath your feet.
You must trust him; keep on pray- ing, Help will come; be not dismayed.



CHORUS.



Keep on praying, keep on praying, Tho' the storm be rag- ing wild;



Soon you'll hear a sweet voice saying: "Peace to you, my troubled child."

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If We Walk In the Light.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In Calv'ry's fountain, deep and wide, I'll wash my guilty soul; And in the
2. A joy there is to earth unknown, A gift from heav'n a-bove; Its light a-
3. O let me fol-low Je-sus still, Up-on this shining way, And 'mid life's
4. All glo-ry to the Lamb of God, Who takes a-way my sin; He sweetly

CHORUS. (1 John 1: 7.)

Rock of A-ges hide, When storms of sorrow roll. If we walk in the light,
round my pathway shone, Thro' ev-er-last-ing love.
changeful good and ill, Find his unchanging day.
sheds his love a-broad, And gives me peace within.

as he is in the light, If we walk in the light, as he is in the light,

We have fel-low-ship, We have fel-low-ship, We have fellow-ship one

with an-oth-er, And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, Cleanseth us from all sin.

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He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep mi-ry clay, Who ten-der-ly brought me out to gold-en day.
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while here I re-main, But stand by his grace un-til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm hap-py and free. I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at home and a-broad, Till man-y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

Chorus.

He brought me out of the mi-ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

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34 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

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MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";

Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!

Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! he is earnest-ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly pleading to - day;
Make us thy true under-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;

O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."

Dear to the Heart, Etc. Concluded.

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the desert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the rescue { he hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) { we'll hast - en, }

35 Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard my Saviour call-ing, I have heard my Saviour call-ing,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den,

CHO.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,

I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ‖: I will follow on to know him :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :‖
And be with him, with him all the way.

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For You and For Me.

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. *p* — *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m Chorus. — *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....

Come home, come home,

p — *pp* — *rit.* — *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

:S:

ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a- bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When the curtains are lift- ed, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with his
2. Will the heav-en - ly cit - y burst full on my sight; And the throne of his
3. When his glo-ri-fied presence shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be

an - gels be. wait-ing for me? Will he wel-come my com-ing, and
glo - ry, that giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry reach
like him, and with him a - rise; And the hands hard with la- bor a

crown me his own, With the saints of all a - ges, that cir - cle his throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping the Sav-iour be- hold?
victor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor - row sing an-thems of praise.

Chorus.

1–2. When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O what shall I see? Will my
3. When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O this shall I see, That my

Lord and his an-gels be wait-ing for me, Be wait - - ing, be
Lord and his an-gels are wait-ing for me, Are wait - - ing, are
Be wait-ing for me? be
Are wait-ing for me! are

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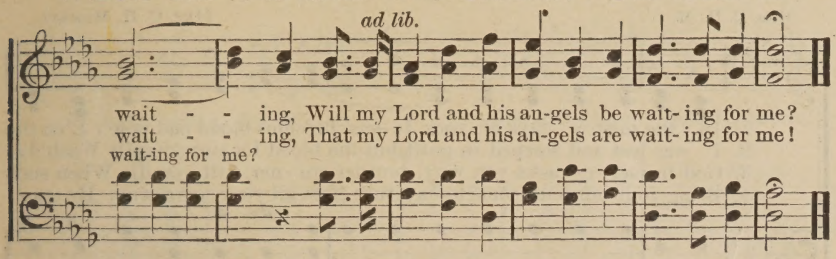
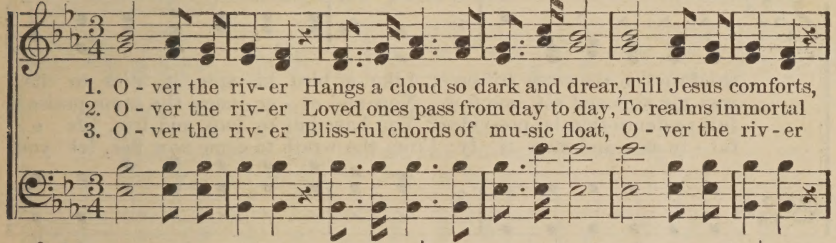
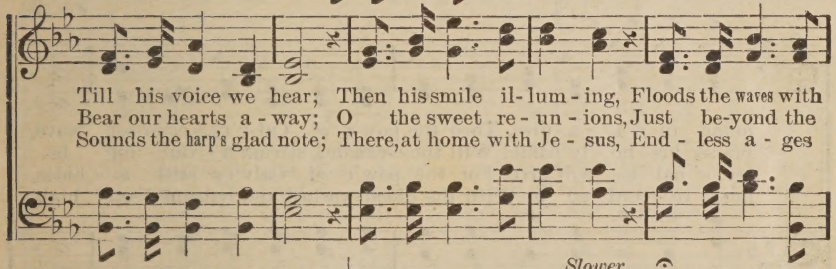
When the Curtains are Lifted.—Concluded.

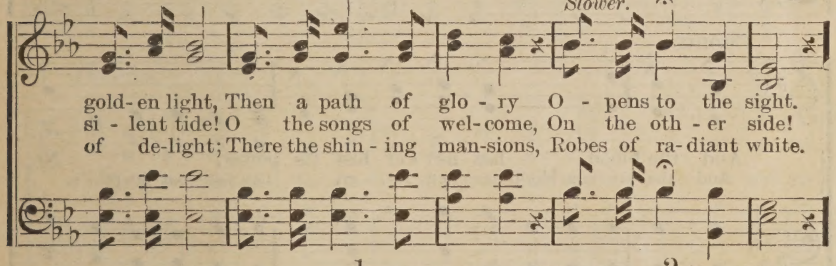


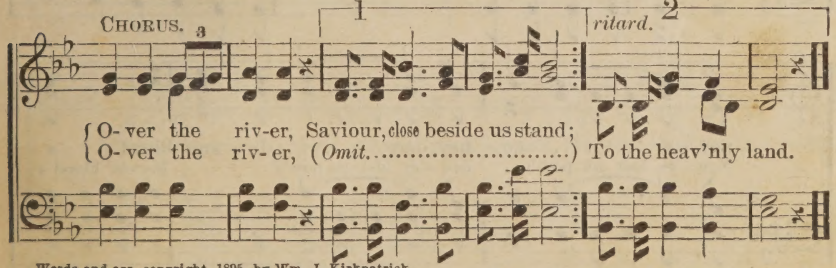
39 Over the River.

L. H. Edmunds. Spanish Melody, arr.









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40 The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. In the mist-y days of yore Je-sus' precious blood had pow'r E'en the thief up-on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir-it flies to its home in Par-a-dise, Thro' the pow'r of Cal-v'ry's crim-son wave.
2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, but the blood for sinners spilt Wash'd a-way my sins and set me free; Now and ev-er-more the same, praise, O praise his ho-ly name! Will the cleansing stream a-vail-ing be.
3. God in mer-cy asks you why, brother sin-ner, will you die When such full re-demp-tion he pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e-ter-nal he will give, For the pow'r of Calv'ry still a-bides.
4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a-way, He can ful-ly save and sanc-ti-fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your name re-cord-ed be With the blood-washed, and redeem'd on high.

Chorus.

And the blood has nev-er lost its power, No, nev-er, ... no, nev-er, ... Je-sus' blood a-
And the precious blood has nev-er, nev-er lost its pow'r, Nev-er lost its pow'r, nev-er lost its pow'r Je-sus' blood a-

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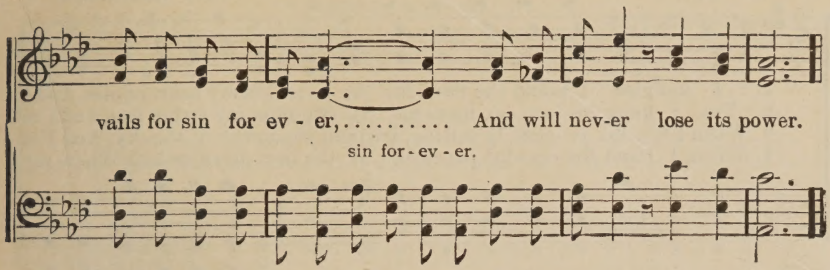
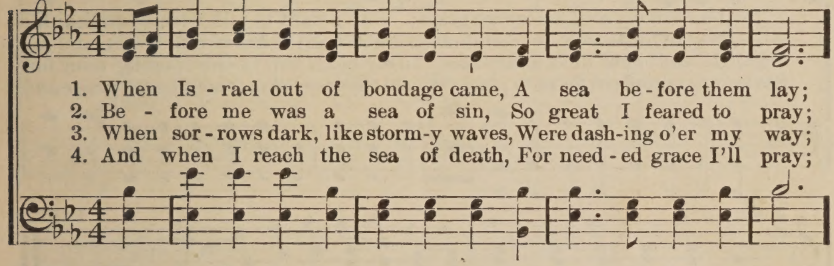
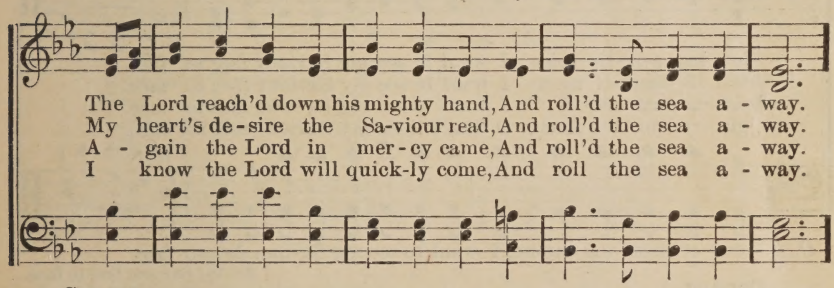
The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.—Concluded.



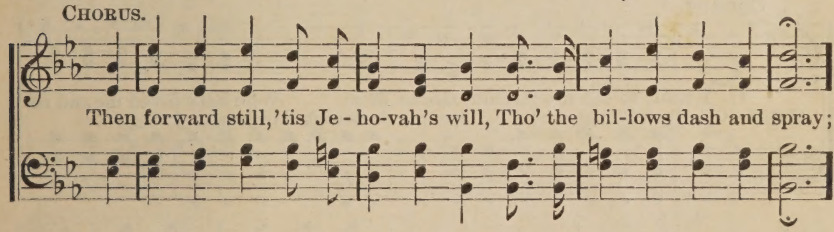
41 He Rolled the Sea Away.

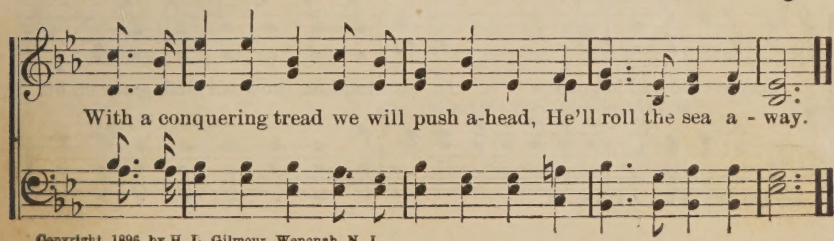
REV. H. J. ZELLEY, H. L. GILMOUR.





CHORUS.





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My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. Agar. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I am glad I found the Sav-iour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai-ly guides my erring feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slow-ly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Where my

feel within my soul his saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus hear his resting in his tender, fond embrace; But I want to know him better, and my near the ending of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing, none but Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

Fine.

lov- ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.

D. S.—ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
see my Saviour face to face.

Chorus.

O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath loved me and re-
(*Last v.*—O then I'll see, etc.) see my Saviour face to face,

D. S.

deemed me by his grace, In his kingdom, crowned with glory on his
and redeemed me by his grace;

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He's Mighty to Save!

"Mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii. 1.

R. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing His grace to be-stow, Sin "red like crim-son" He
2. Standing a - lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead - er His
3. Take Him the bur-den that weighs on your heart, Take Him the trouble, He'll
4. Up from the val-ley the dark-ness is gone, When Je-sus brings there the

makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, His life-blood He gave;
might will pre - vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part; Held by His hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad Vic-t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!

Chorus.

Bless-ed Re-deem-er—He's might - y to save! Might-y to save,
Pray on, be-liev-ing—He's might - y to save!
Look up to Je - sus—He's might - y to save!
Glo - ry to Je - sus—He's might - y to save!

might-y to save—Je - sus is might-y to save!
is might-y to save, He is

might - y to save, might-y to save—Je - sus is mighty to save!

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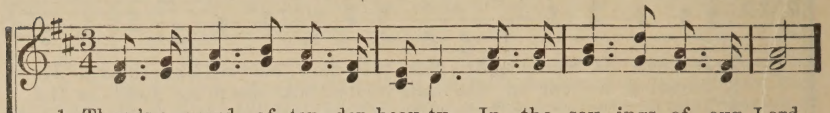
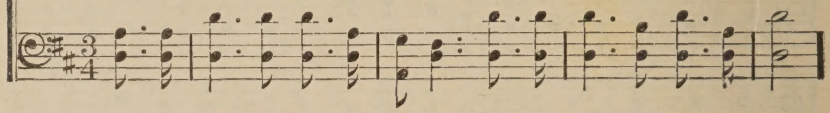
Not One Forgotten.

Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

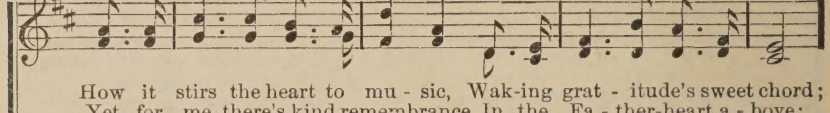
E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.



1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un-wor-thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

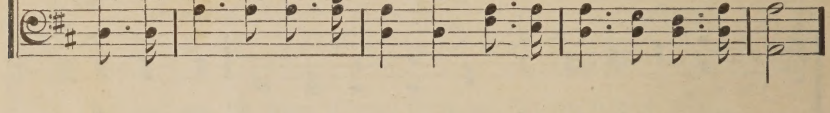


How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there an-y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



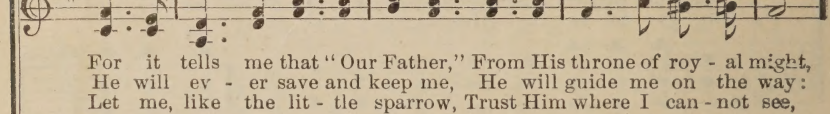
:S:

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy-al might,
He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,

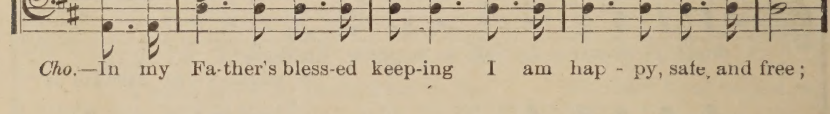


Cho.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap-py, safe, and free;

D.S. Chorus.



Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis pre-cious in His sight.
For my Sav-iour gent-ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."



While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got-ten be.

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Roll it Off.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee,
2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry pressing grief; He will sweetly comfort,
3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti- tions,

Breathing peace within; Ev - 'ry haunting mem'ry, Ev - 'ry gloom-y fear,
He will give re- lief; Pre-cious con - so - la - tion Com- eth from a- bove,
For he know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

Chorus.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.
There is grace to help us In his wondrous love.
Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.
} Roll it off, roll it off, Too

great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je - sus, Lean up-on his breast, He is calling, "Come and rest."

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When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTA. Alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de- lay our prep - a - ra-tion Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. O there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes! And a

lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
be a separation, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful

night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that joy-ful night,) With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (*Omit...*) Bridegroom comes!

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47 "Bring Ye All the Tithes."

HELEN E. RASMUSSEN. Mal. 3: 10. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir-it's power? "Bring ye all the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
4. Lift your heart this moment: claim him Lord and King, As ye bring the
5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the

tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se-cra-tion that will ev - er last,
tithes into the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,
tithes into the storehouse." Bring them on con-ditions promised in his word,
tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,
tithes into the storehouse; Joy - ous hal - le-lu-jah's from our hearts a-rise

CHORUS.

Trusting for the promised bless - ing.
While he gives the promised bless - ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in-to the
And he'll pour you out a bless - ing.
From the heart he is pos - sess - ing.
For we have the promised bless - ing.

storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you

out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."

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Called by the King.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Called by the King to bear the roy-al stand-ard, An - y where, ev-'ry where
2. Called by the King to meet the foe in bat-tle, Sword in hand, firm to stand
3. Called by the King to be a ho - ly ves - sel, By his grace, in our place,

Till the world is won; Tell-ing to all the news of free sal - va - tion,
Al - ways for the right; Put-ting a-side the works of sin and dark-ness,
Bear-ing his sweet word; Meet for his use and fill'd with his own Spir- it,

CHORUS.

Bring-ing the lost un - to his bless-ed Son.
Clothed for the day in the ar - mor of light.
Liv - ing our life for the glo - ry of God.
} Servants of righteousness

glo - ry hal - le - lu- jah! Fet-ters are broken now; Christ has made us free!

Out of the gloom and night, into joy and gladness, Call'd by the King are we.

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49 And Yet There Is Room.

MRS. C. H. M. Luke 14: 42. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Come to the feast which the King hath spread, Wine, milk and
2. Out from the high-ways and hedg-es come Back to the
3. I-dle ex-cus-es no lon-ger make, All that is
4. Wea-ry and griev-ing o'er wast-ed years, Com-ing re-

hon-ey and liv-ing bread; Come as you are and be not a-fraid,
love of the Father's home; Ma-ny are feast-ing and still there's room,
sin-ful and vain for-sake; Now of the heav-en-ly feast par-take,
pent-ing with bit-ter tears; Homesick and heartsick this mes-sage cheers:

CHORUS.

Je-sus in-vites to-day. And yet there is room, O hear it,

yet there is room, Yet there is room, be-lieve it, plen-ty of room;

yet

Tho' millions are feasting now, the King says come, And yet there is room.

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Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de-light

Where shall en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
When the beaut-y of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the blessed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful robes,.... Beau-ti-ful robes,....
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau-ti-ful robes, we then shall wear;
Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

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Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light,.... Love - ly and bright,
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

51 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

CHORUS.

mil - lions That sing around His throne:— Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le -
conquest, And sing the vic-tor's song.
Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
a - ges I'll shout be-yond the sky.

poco ritard.

lu - jah, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

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Write a Letter Home to Mother.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Write a let-ter home to moth-er; Tell her where you are; Tell her she is not forgotten, Tho' you're sunder'd far. Write a let-ter home to mother; She has missed you long; O - ver you her heart is yearning,
2. Write to-day and tell your mother You are tired of sin; Tell her it is now your purpose Truth and right to win; Tell her you have come re-pent-ing; Tell her Christ is yours; That henceforth you live to serve him,
3. Make it true and write to mother That the Christ who died Has be - come your great salvation; Je - sus cru - ci - fied! Write a let-ter home to mother; Make her glad to know You have found the peace her Saviour

Chorus.

Lest you fol-low wrong. While your life endures. On - ly can be-stow. } Write a letter..... home to mother,. ... Write and make..... her heart re-joice;.....Let her know..... that still you

Write a letter home to mother;

Make her heart rejoice, Write and make her heart rejoice; Let her know that still you

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Write a Letter Home, etc.—Concluded.

Ritard.

love her,..... Let her know the "bet - ter path" shall be your choice.
love her, still you love her,

53 Love of God.

E. A. Hoffman. Mrs. Fannie L. Simpson.

1. Love of God, each day en- fold me; Draw my heart close to thine own;
2. Love of God, come in and fill me; Peace and gladness spring from thee;
3. Love of God, O nev- er leave me! Be my por - tion un - to death;

cres. *sf* *dim.*

To thy bo - som take and hold me, And thy deepest love make known.
In the hour of tri - al keep me, And my con - so - la - tion be.
Then at last to heav'n re-ceive me, Take my life's ex - pir - ing breath.

Chorus. *cres.*

Love of God, O love e - ter - nal, Fill my soul with light and peace;

cres. *sf* *f*

Life and joy with-in me wak-en, That shall never, that shall never cease.

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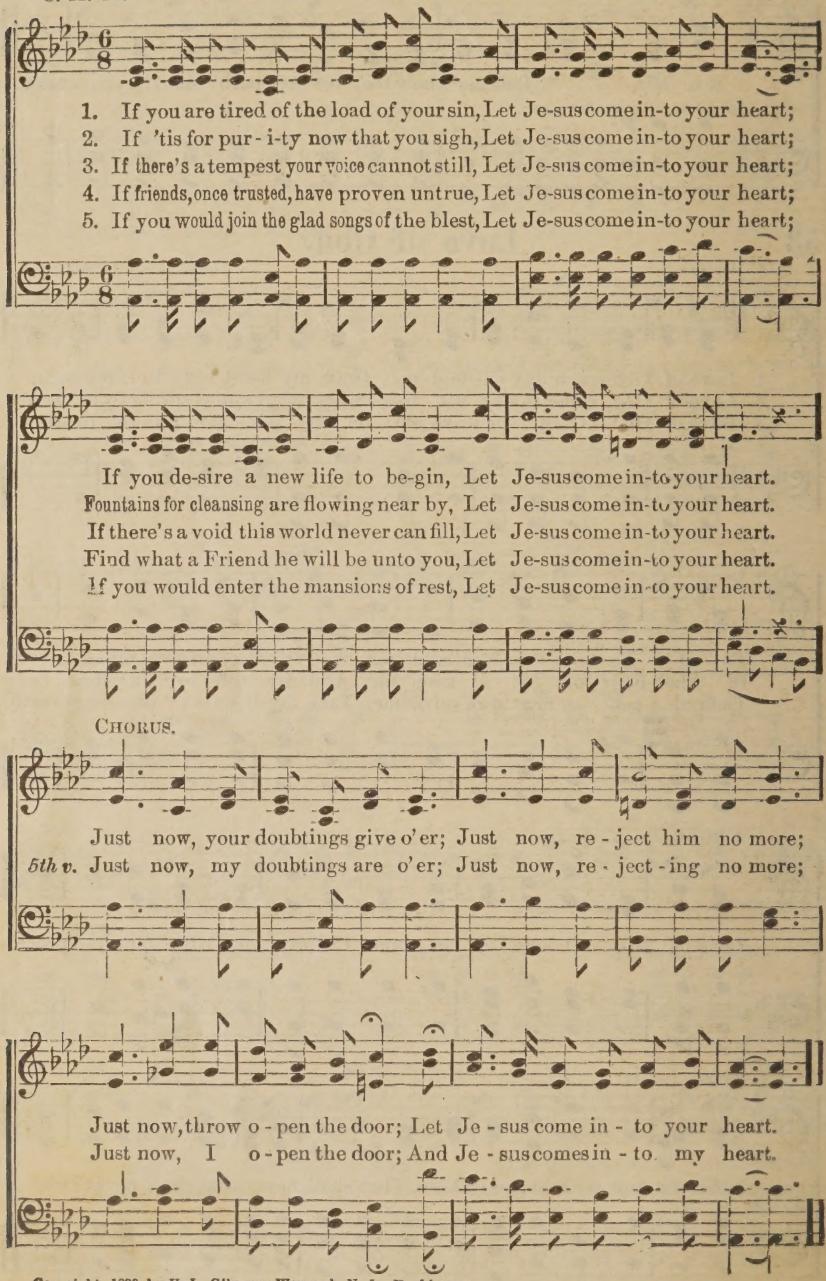
54 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Chorus.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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Get Right with God.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. What-ev - er joys engross you, Whatev - er cares op - press, What-
2. He's wait-ing to be gra- cious; He's call-ing now to you, In -
3. Per - haps you once con-fessed him, And said you were his child; But

ev - er aims al-lure you, Whatev - er ills dis - tress; Though
vit - ing you to par - don, To mer - cies great and true. O
sad - ly you have wan-dered, In path-ways dark and wild. The

skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad, There's
turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side; Get
clouds of sin and sor - row The heav'n-ly light be - dim; But

one sur- pass-ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.
right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
still his Spir- it lin - gers, To draw you back to him.

Chorus. *Unison.*

Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with

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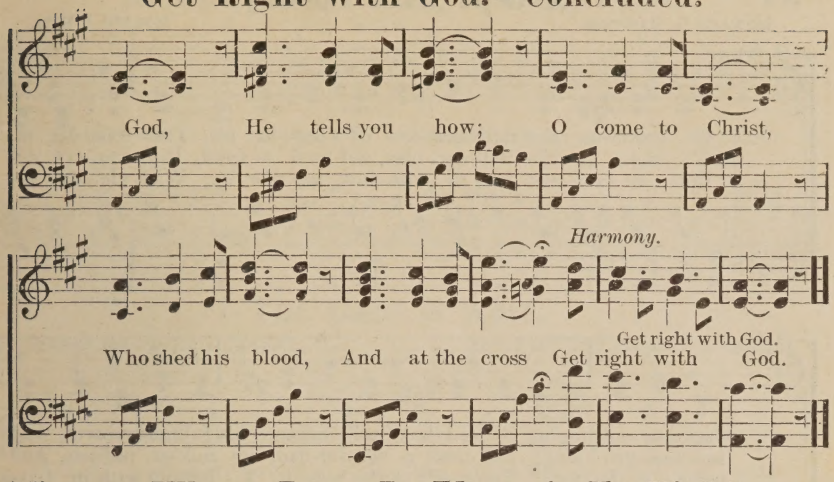
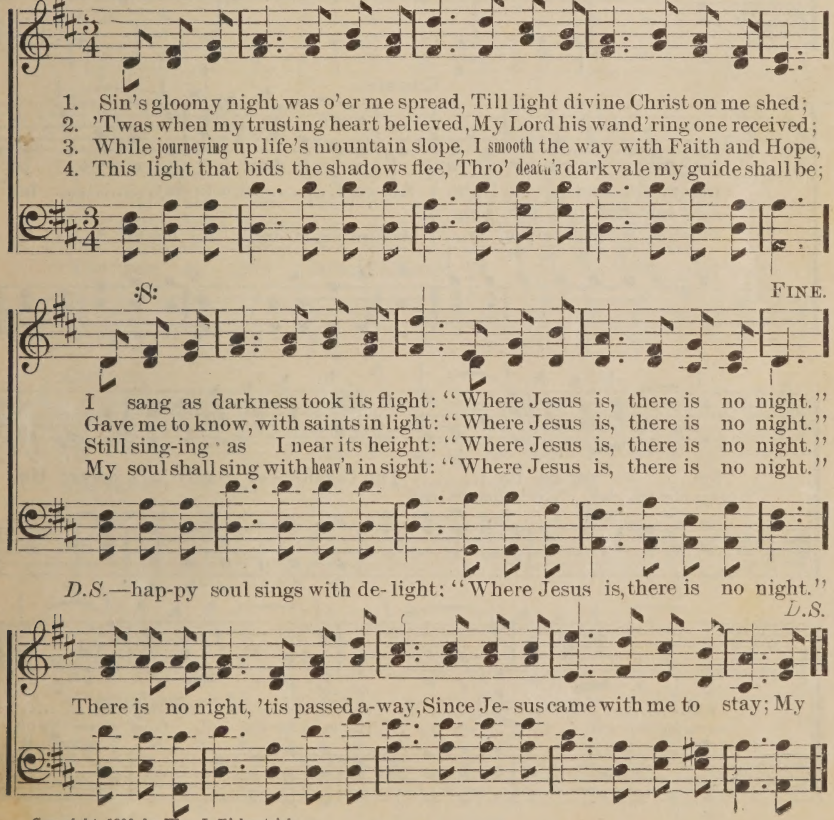
Get Right with God.—Concluded.



57 Where Jesus Is, There is No Night.

C. J. BUTLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Accept Him To-day.

HOWARD G. HASTINGS. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. O broth - er, the mill-ions are dy - ing in sin, They wan- der in
2. No more in the wil- der- ness, sad and a- fraid, Thy wea - ry ex-
3. Come, en - ter the bat- tle, with full ar- mor on, With vic - t'ry as-

darkness and night; O heed thou God's message, his fullness receive, And
ist - ence pro - long; But cross o- ver Jor-dan, thy rich-es pos-sess, And
sured o'er the foe; The pow'r of the Spir- it, a - bid-ing with-in, Gives

CHORUS.

car- ry thy brother the light. } Ac- cept..... him to-day,..... no
sigh-ing shall turn into song. }
vic- t'ry wherev-er you go. } Ac-cept him to- day, No lon- ger de- lay, Ac-

lon - - ger de- lay,..... The Comfort- er gladly re - ceive; He
cept him to - day, No longer de- lay,

waits..... for thy call,..... Give o - - - ver thy all.....
waits for thy call, Give o - ver thy all, He waits for thy call, Give o- ver thy all,

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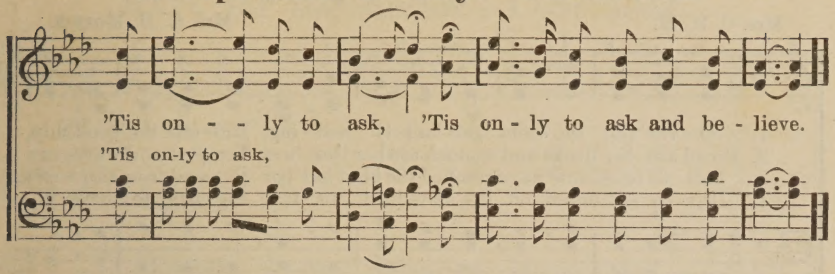
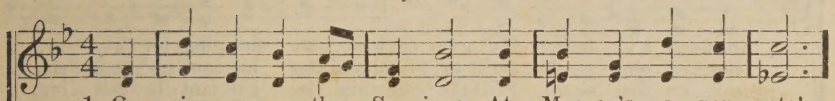
Accept Him To-Day.—Concluded.

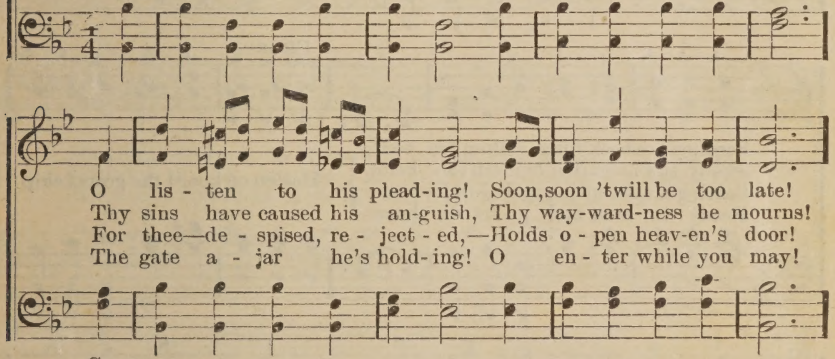


59 The Gate is Ajar.

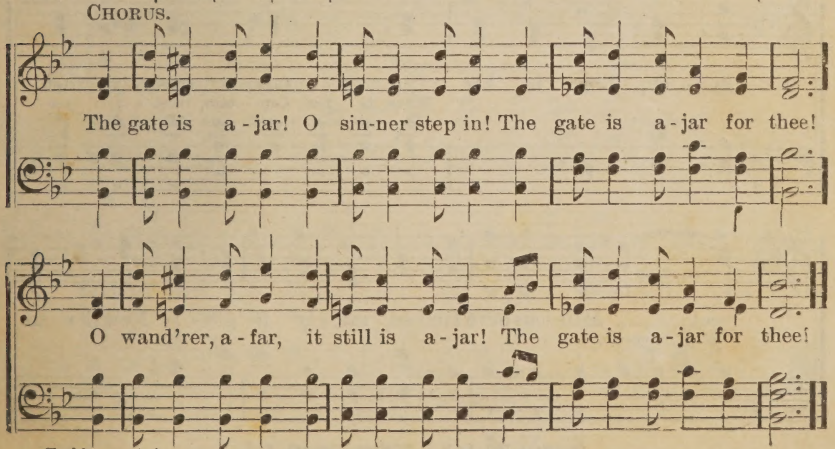
COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER. CATHERINE MOTTE BOOTH-TUCKER.

Arr. by W. J. K.





CHORUS.



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The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant - ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship,
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reached the blest har - bor Rescued from shipwreck,
4. Driv - en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

trust - ed and true; Mill - ions on board are shipping for glo - ry,
nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with - stand the bil - lows and break - ers,
safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal - lant - ly sail - ing,
cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion,

Chorus.

See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
Steady the hand that holdeth the helm.
Bearing her shout - ing mul - ti - tudes o'er.
Ready to save and pi - lot us home.
} Hasten on board the gospel ship

Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes

crew,..... Mill - ions have land - ed safe - ly in glo - ry Now they are
trust - y her crew,

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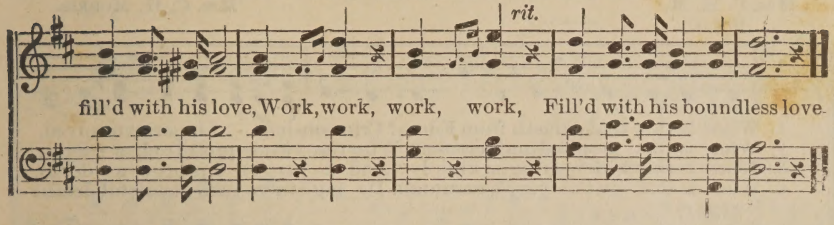
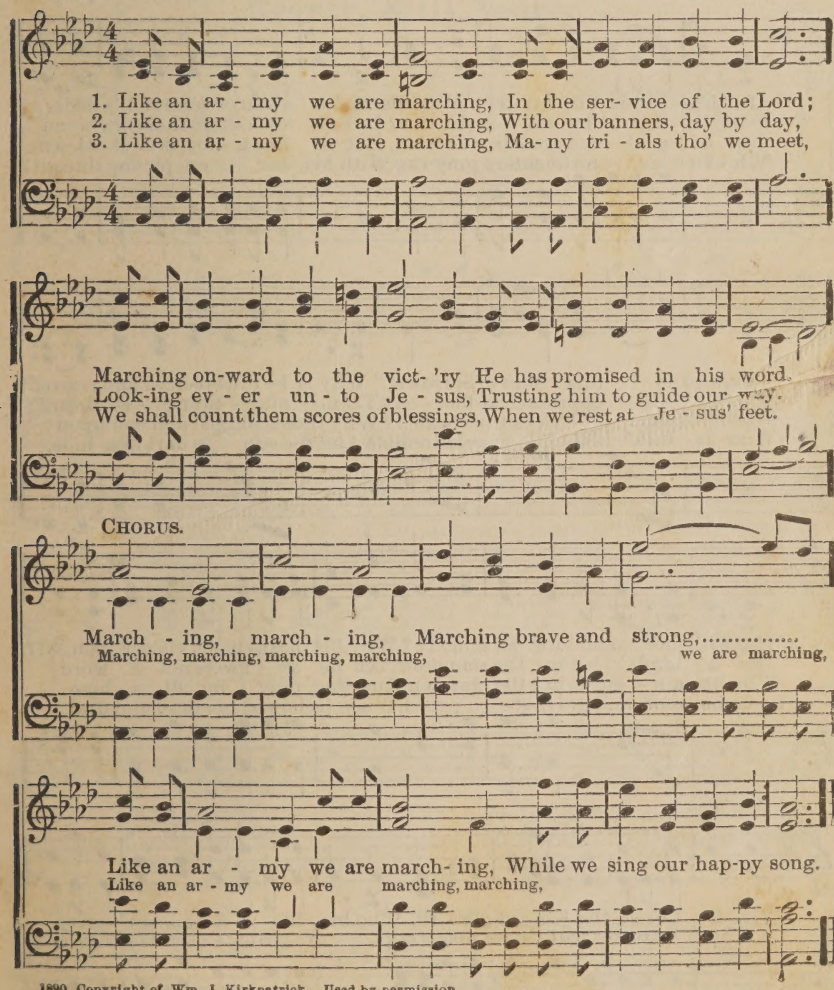
Work for the Master.—Concluded.



63 Like an Army We are Marching.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



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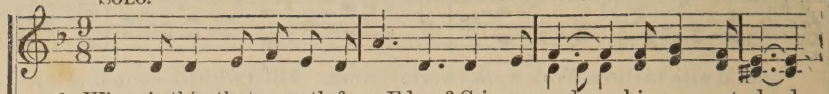
Who is This?

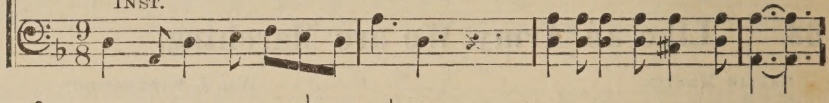
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

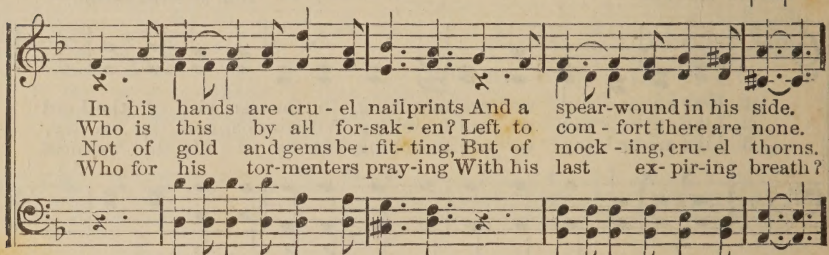
Solo.



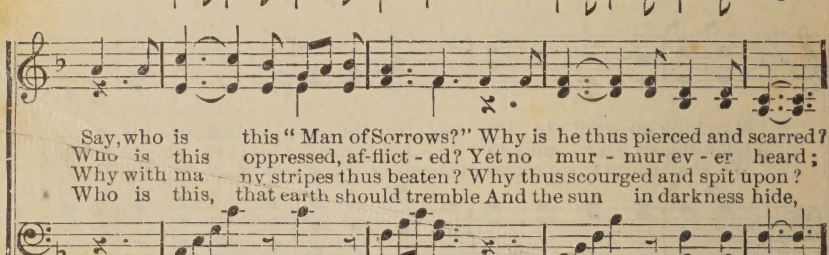
1. Who is this that cometh from Edom? Crimson-red his garments dyed,
2. Who is this despised and rejected? Who the wine-press trod a-lone;
3. Who is this with bearing so king-ly? And a crown his brow a-dorns,
4. Who is this on Cal-vary's mountain Dy-ing there such shameful death?

Inst.

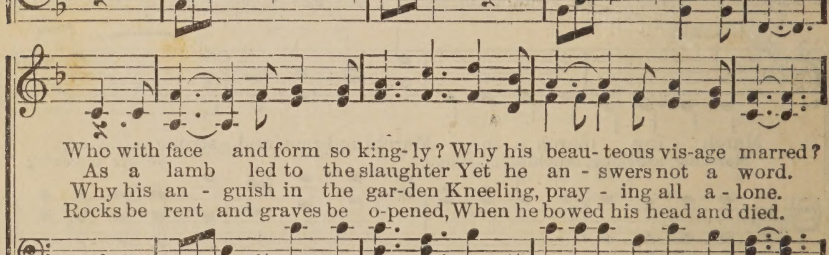




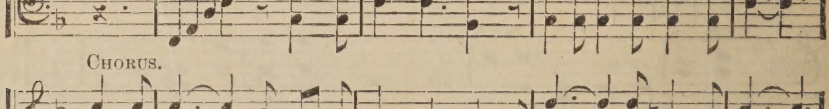
In his hands are cru-el nailprints And a spear-wound in his side.
Who is this by all for-sak-en? Left to com-fort there are none.
Not of gold and gems be-fit-ting, But of mock-ing, cru-el thorns.
Who for his tor-menters pray-ing With his last ex-pir-ing breath?



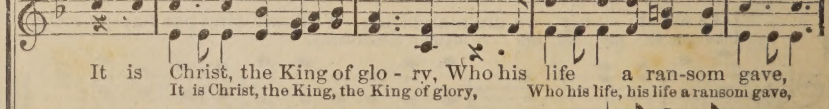
Say, who is this "Man of Sorrows?" Why is he thus pierced and scarred?
Who is this oppressed, af-flict-ed? Yet no mur-mur ev-er heard;
Why with ma-ny stripes thus beaten? Why thus scourged and spit upon?
Who is this, that earth should tremble And the sun in darkness hide,



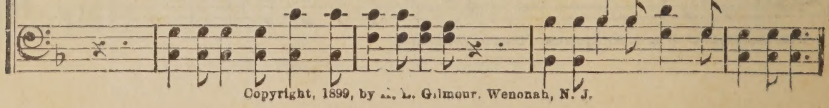
Who with face and form so king-ly? Why his beau-teous vis-age marred?
As a lamb led to the slaughter Yet he an-swers not a word.
Why his an-guish in the gar-den Kneeling, pray-ing all a-lone.
Rocks be-rent and graves be-o-pened, When he bowed his head and died.



Chorus.



It is Christ, the King of glo-ry, Who his life a ran-som gave,
It is Christ, the King, the King of glory, Who his life, his life a ransom gave,



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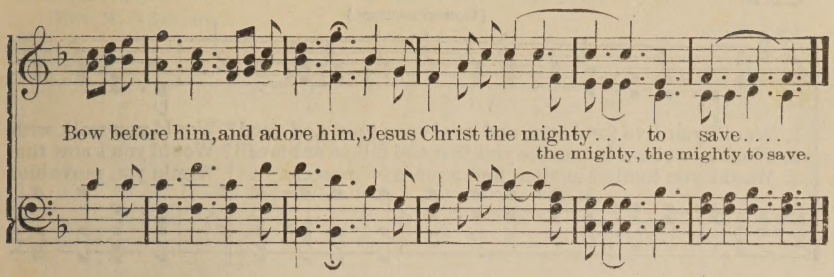
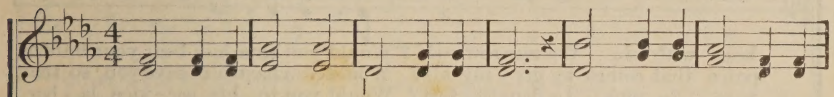
Who is This? Concluded.

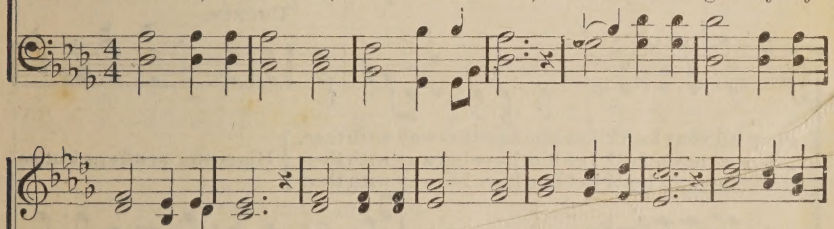


Nearer, Still Nearer.

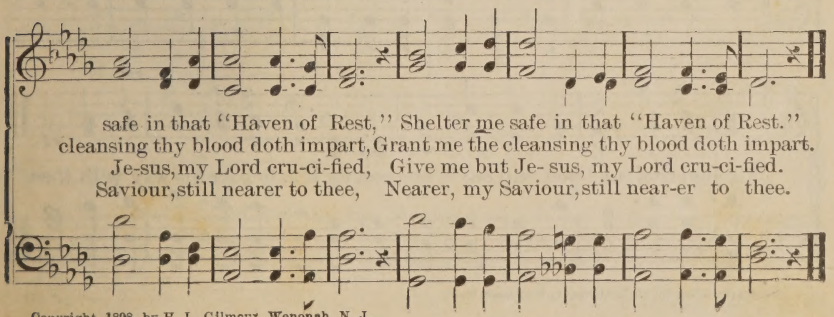
C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Near- er, still near- er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near- er, still near- er, noth- ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near- er, still near- er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near- er, still near- er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je- sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad- ly re - sign; All of its pleausures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my



safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je- sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.

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His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37: 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have him bear your burden, carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee.
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor always at your best? Let him have his way with thee

Chorus.

His power can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

rit.

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Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.
} Heav-en-ly sun-light,

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

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The Power Is Coming Down.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Have you heard the joy - ful news from a - cross the roll- ing sea?
2. He has heard the pray'r of faith and the doors are o - pen wide;
3. Soon the tri-umphs of his cross in all lands our eyes shall see,
4. Soon sal - va- tion's ti - dal wave shall sweep on from shore to shore,

God is mov- ing and the pow'r is com- ing down; Hea - then
God is mov- ing and the pow'r is com- ing down; While for -
God is mov- ing and the pow'r is com- ing down; Church of
God is mov- ing and the pow'r is com- ing down; Sounds of

na- tions wak - ing up and from bon-dage go - ing free; God is
ev - er on - ward sweeps full sal - va-tion's roll- ing tide; God is
God a - wake, pre- pare for the com- ing ju - bi - lee; God is
tu - mult and of war shall be felt and fear'd no more; God is

Chorus.

moving and the pow'r is coming down. O the pow'r..... is com-ing
O the Pen-te-costal pow'r to -

down, O the pow'r..... is coming down;.....
day is coming down, O the Pen-te-costal pow'r to - day is coming down.

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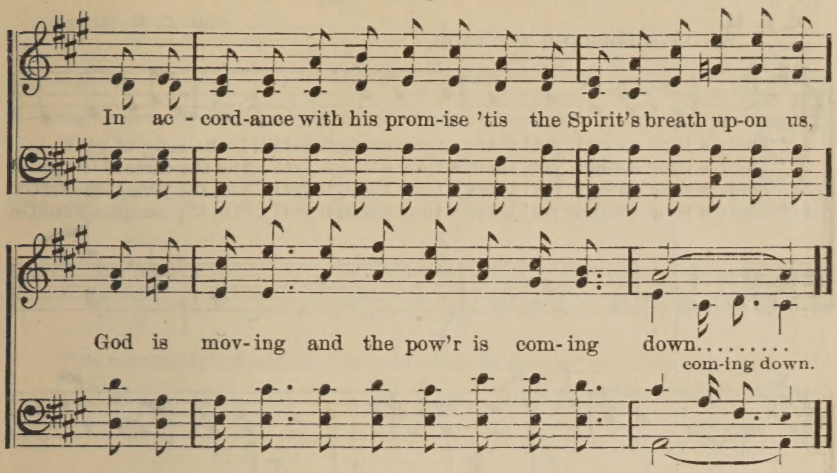
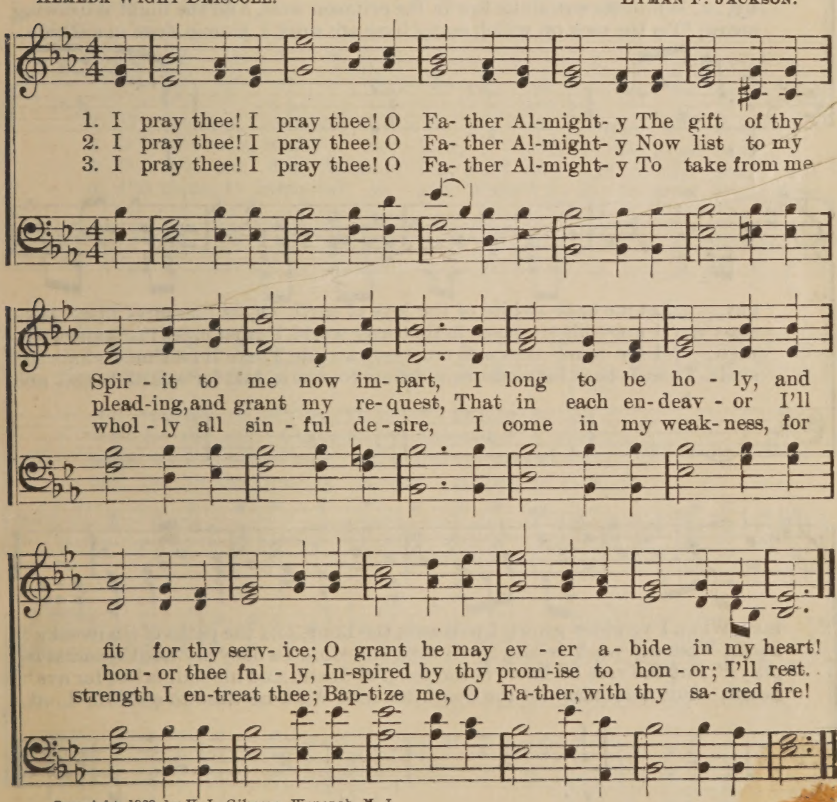
The Power Is Coming Down:—Concluded.



69 I Pray Thee!

ALMEDA WIGHT DRISCOLL. LYMAN F. JACKSON.



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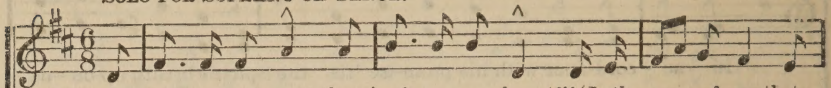
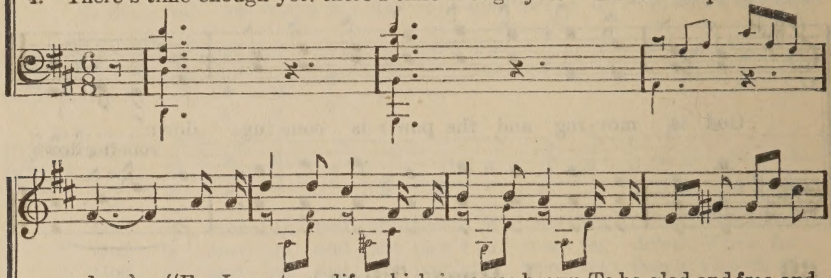
There's Time Enough Yet.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS

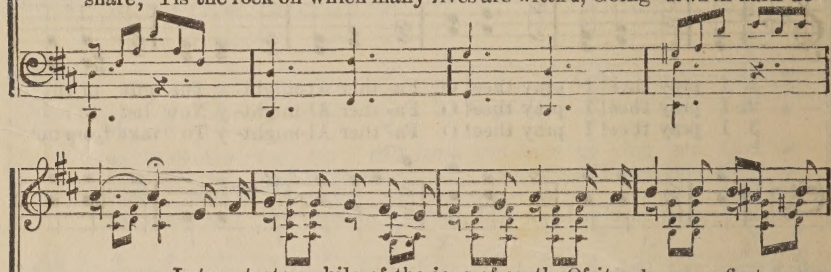
SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.



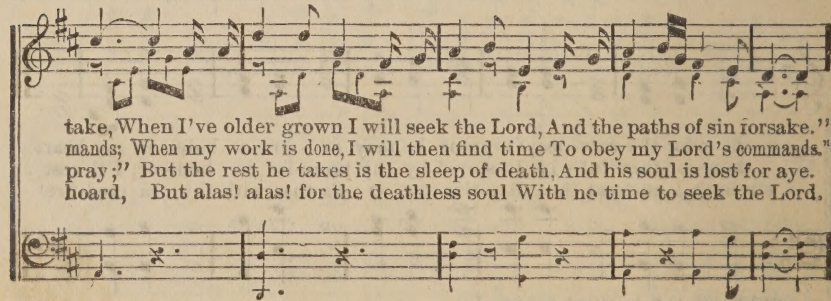
1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to-
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly
4. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's subtle



day,) "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and
hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines And the hands with toil are
by,... While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing
snare; 'Tis the rock on which many lives are wreck'd, Going down in dark de-



gay, Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par-
scarr'd; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern de-
nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to
spair. There is time for pleasure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and



take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake."
mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands."
pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.
hoard, But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.

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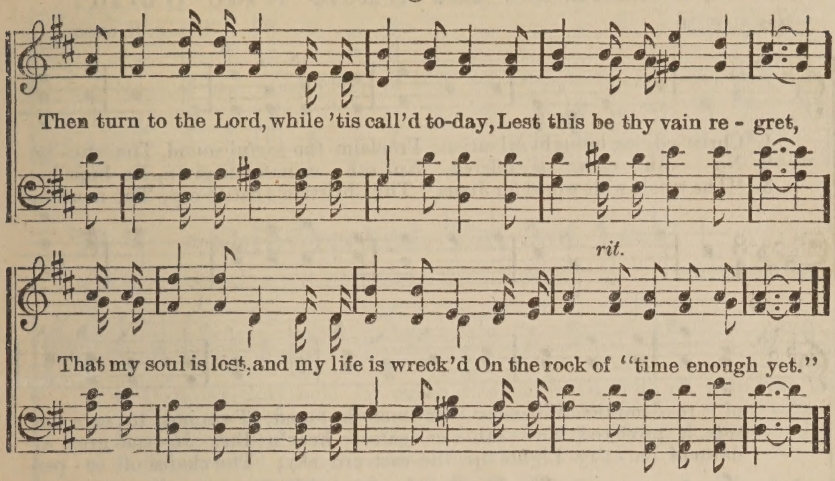
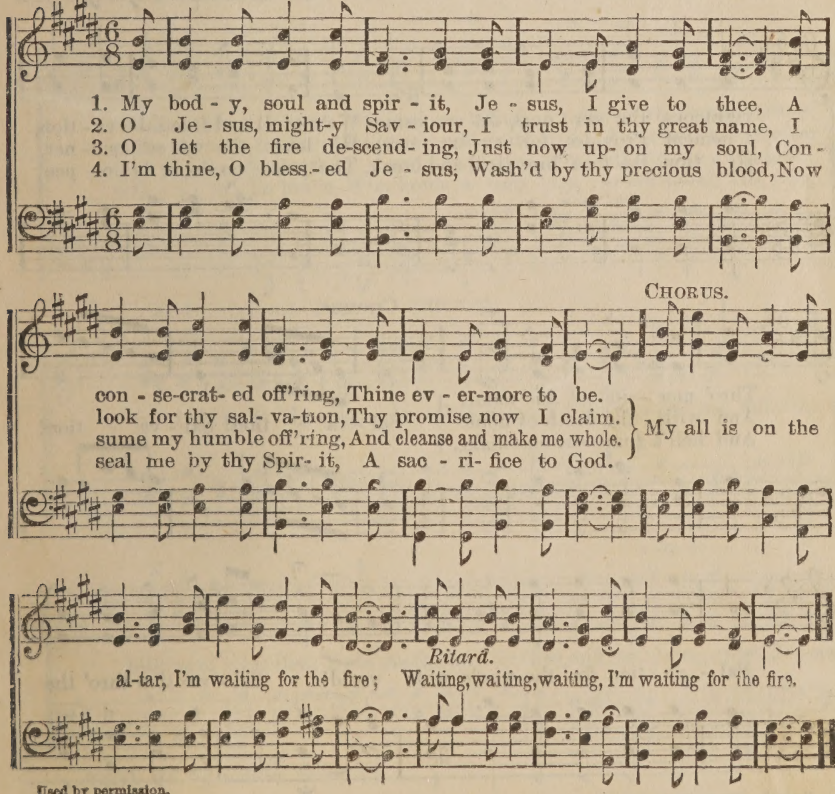
There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.



71 Consecration.

MRS. MAR. . JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



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72 Salvation for the Whole Wide World!

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Christ's dying brought salvation; Proclaim the joyful sound, The sto - ry
2. No oth - er way is offered, No oth - er name is giv'n, No hope be-
3. "The whole wide world for Jesus," The Christian's battle-cry; The morning

of re- demption Wher- ev - er man is found; 'Twas not to save the
side is proffered, No oth - er gate to heav'n; But Je - sus' great a-
dawn of vic - t'ry Lights up the east- ern sky; The chains of su - per-

righteous, But sin - ners, Je- sus came; We've full and free sal - va - tion,
tonement Provides for ev- 'ry one; He loves the vil- est sin- ner,
sti - tion Be- fore him yield and break, The pris - on doors fly o - pen,

CHORUS.

Thro' mer - its of his name.
And wills the death of none.
And hell's foun- dations shake.

Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion!

Sal - va - tion for the whole wide world! Sal - va- tion thro' the

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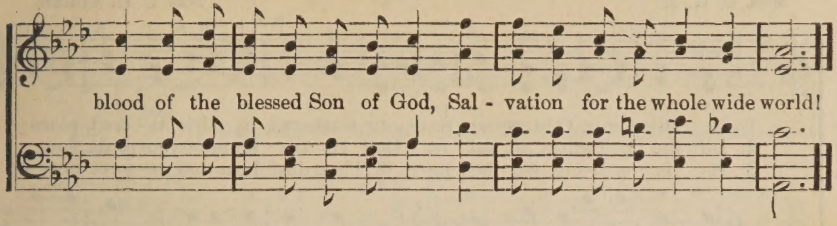
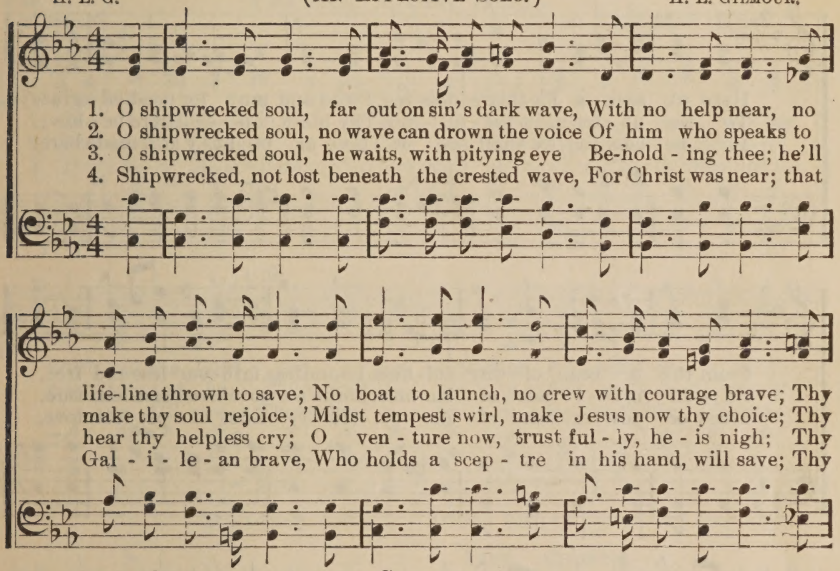
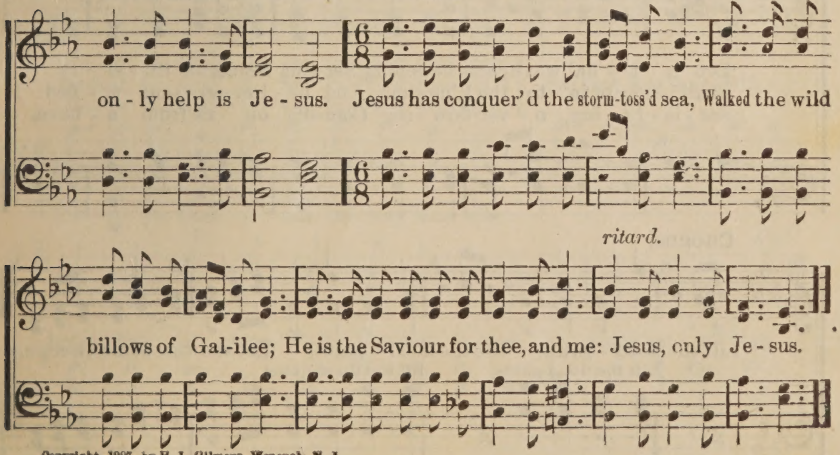


73 Shipwrecked, But Not Lost!

H. L. G. (An Effective Solo.) H. L. Gilmour.





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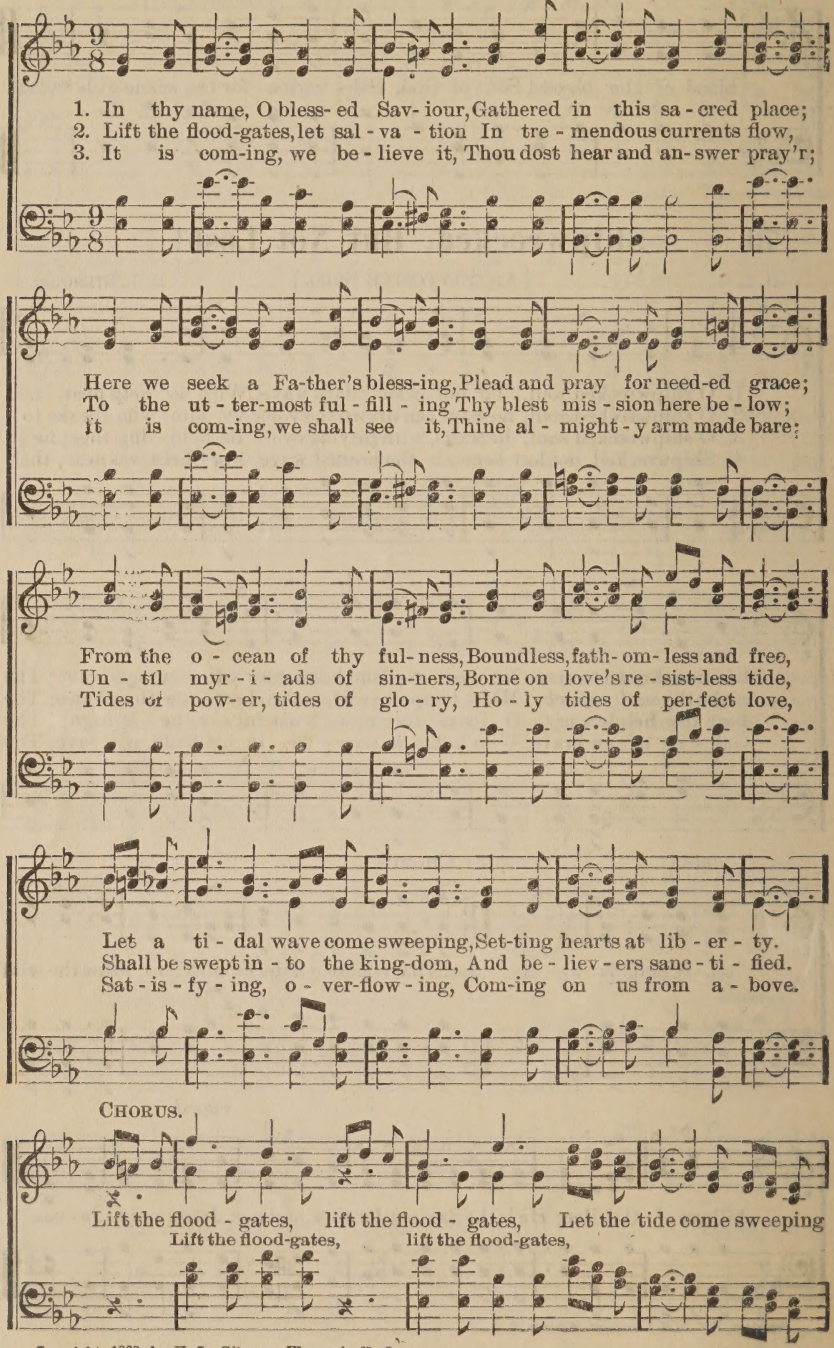
Lift the Flood-gates.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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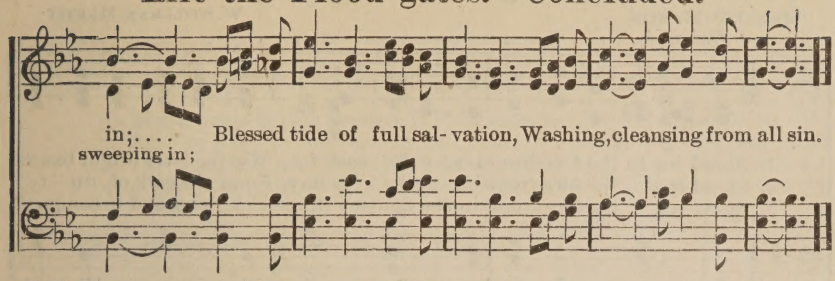
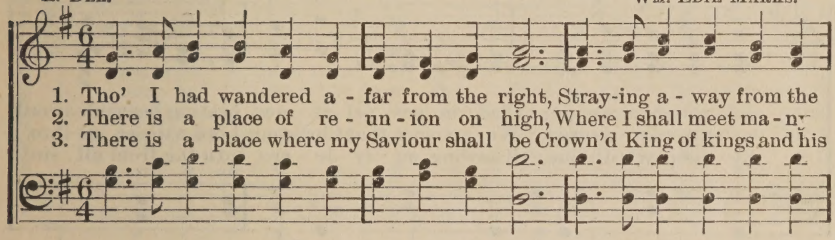
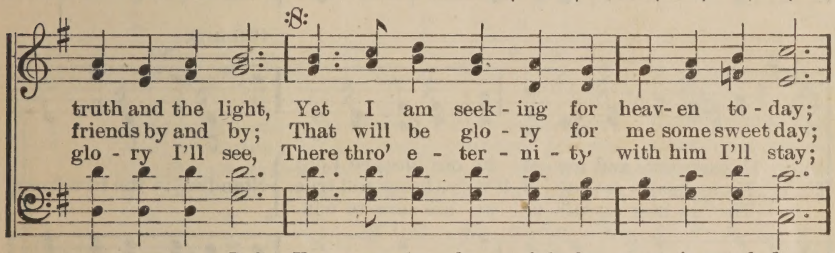
Lift the Flood-gates.—Concluded.

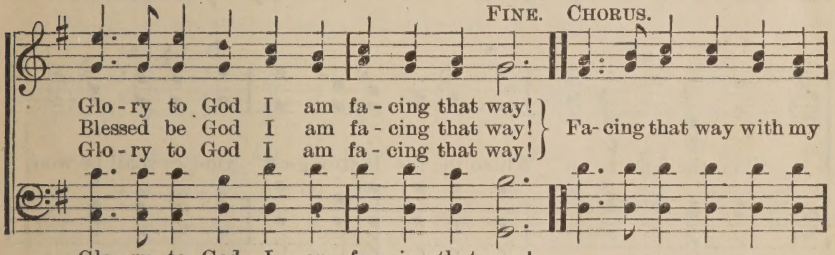


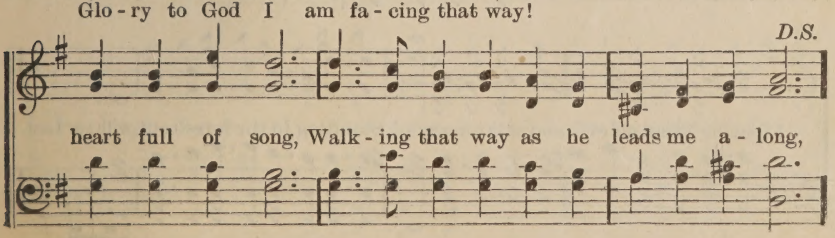
75 Facing That Way.

E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks.









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Standing in the Forefront.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN

Unison.

1. Stand-ing in the fore-front read-y for each foe, Waving love's bright banner
2. Stand-ing in the fore-front bu - sy ev - 'ry day, From the call of du - ty
3. Stand-ing in the fore-front in the fighting line, "Conq'ring and to conquer"

ev - 'ry-where we go; Clad in gos - pel ar - mor, bearing heaven's sword,
ne'er to turn a - way, We are sure that Christ our Lord will see us thro',
by the pow'r di-vine, Knowing on - ly Je - sus, turn-ing from all sin;

CHORUS.

Always true and loy - al to our bless-ed Lord.
If our hearts are loy - al, if we're brave and true.
Tho' an host as-sail us we are sure to win.
} Standing in the fore-front,

rit.

when the fight is on, Where the foe is strong-est vic-t'ry shall be won,

Fighting 'gainst all evil, and with one accord, Standing in the fore-front with our Lord.

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Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
2. Ev - 'ry heav- y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing
4. Wea- ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes, O hear,

D.S.

calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

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Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! he's calling you to-day, Follow where his voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where his voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guiding;

Look for his footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Seeking his Spirit, your daily strength renew, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Un-der his ban-ner in loy-al-ty abide, Follow where his voice is guiding.

He..... who lives for-ev - er-more, Trod this earthly path be - fore,
Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will his serv-ice be,
Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;

Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - er his re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon we'll lay the bur- dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

Chorus.

Follow, fol - low, where his voice is guiding, Follow, fol-low where his voice is
Fol - low where his voice is guid- ing, Fol - low where his voice is

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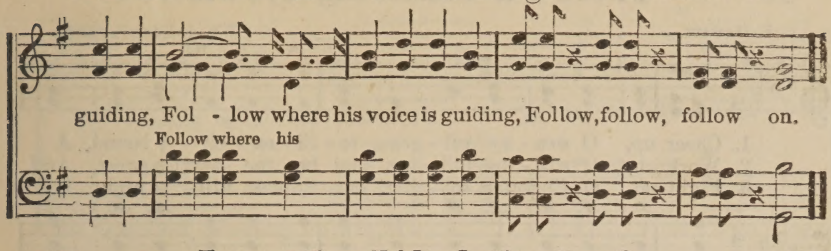
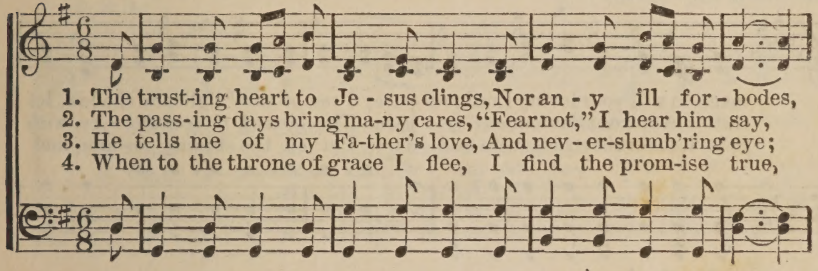
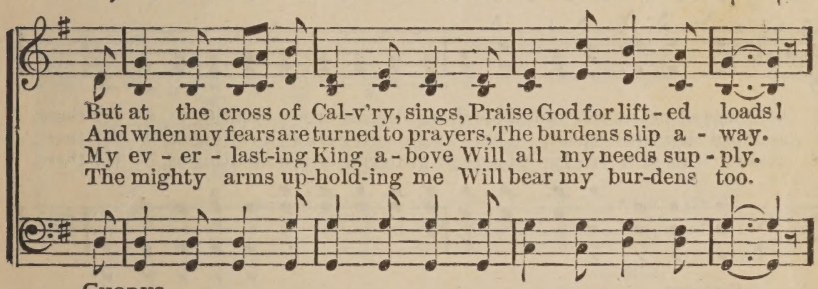
Where His Voice is Guiding.—Concluded.



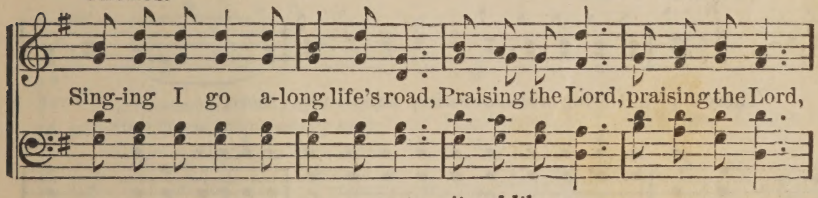
79 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





Chorus.



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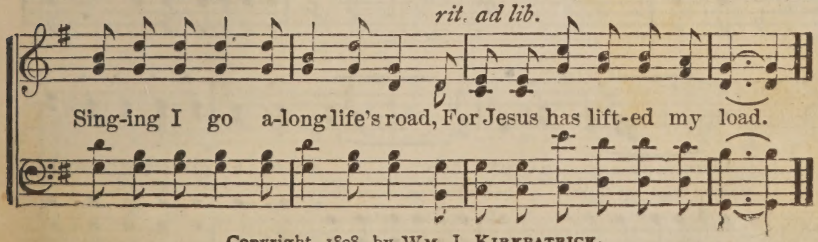

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There's a Glittering Crown.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cheer up, O wea - ry pil - grim, to Zi - on's cit - y bound, A
2. Work on, O will - ing toil - er, and be the service sweet, And
3. Fight on, O Christian sol - dier, our Captain still is nigh; His

mansion will your loving Lord pre- pare; Press on thro' light and shadow, let
cast up- on your Saviour ev- 'ry care; The blessed Gospel sto - ry, with
Spir- it makes us strong to do and dare; Put on the shining ar- mor, and

songs of praise resound; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.
burn ing lips repeat; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.
on his arm re - ly; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.

Chorus.

There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there,..... o - ver
yes, a- waiting us o - ver there, a-

there,..... o - ver there;..... There's a glittering crown a-
waiting us, o- ver there, a- waiting us, o- ver there;

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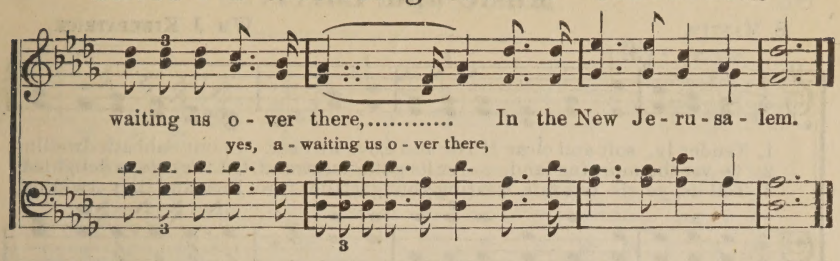
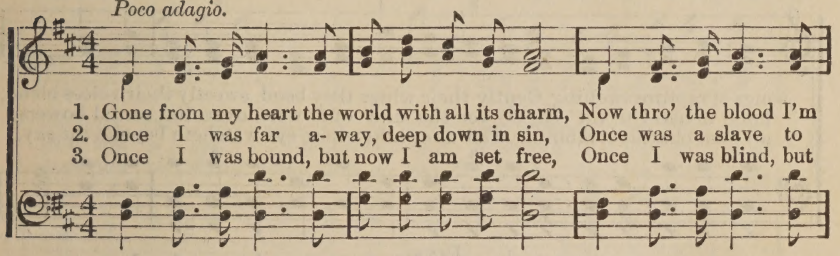
There's a Glittering Crown.—Concluded.

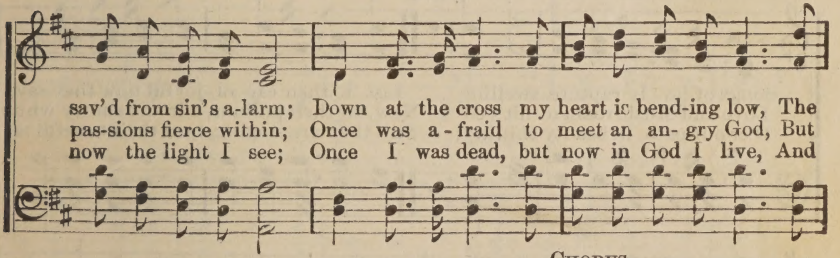


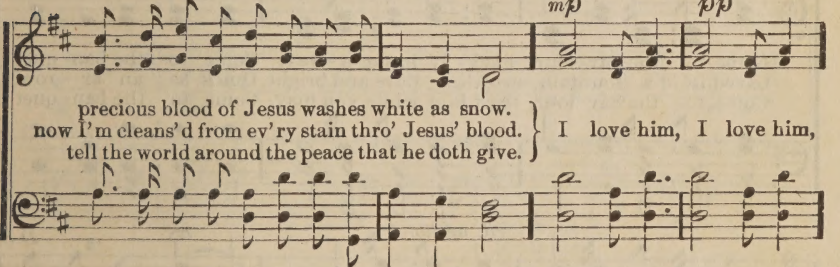
81 I Love Him.

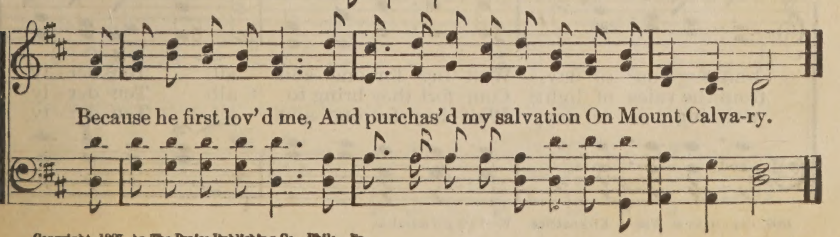
C. F. O. S. C. Foster. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.









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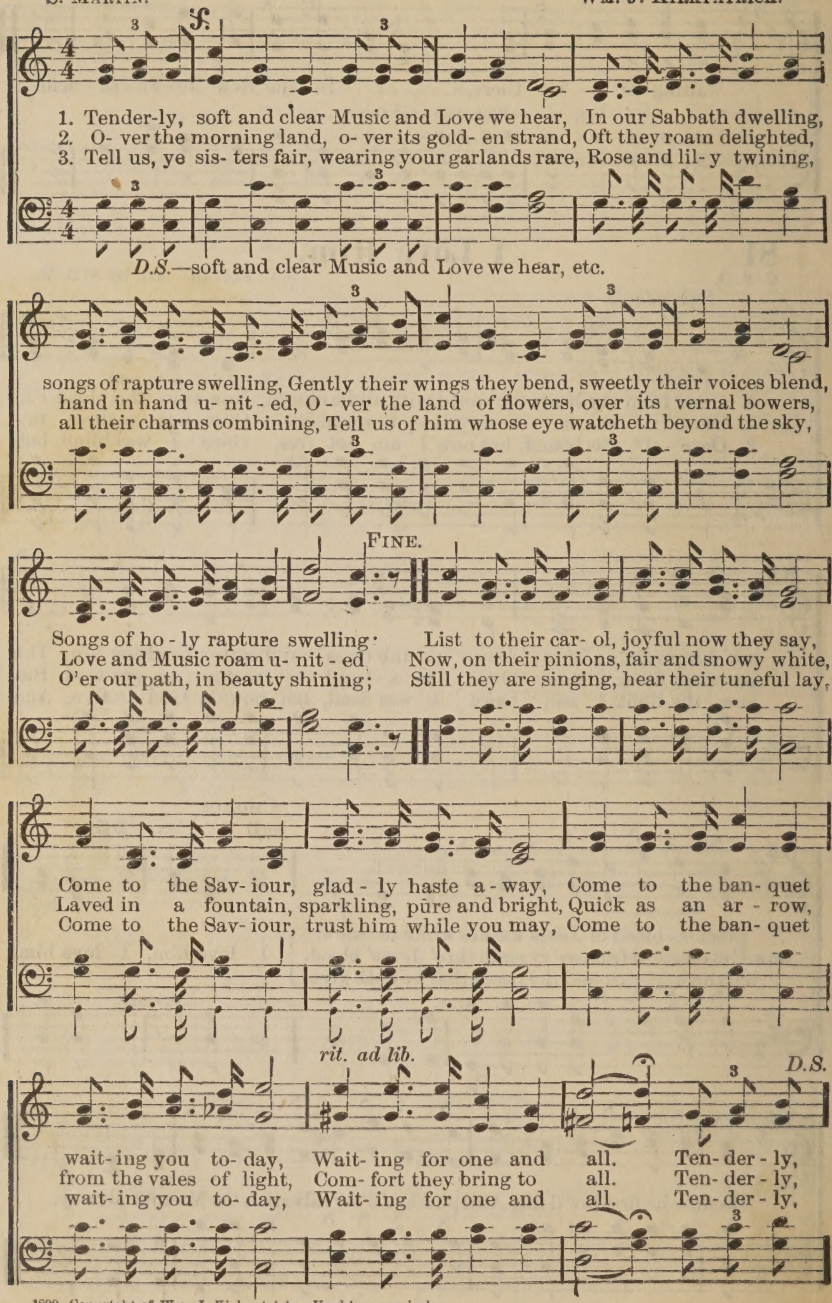
Music and Love.

S. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Give Me Thy Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my keep- ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

Rit.

My Light and Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Why should life a wea - ry jour-ney seem? Je- sus is my light and song!
2. What tho' foes at ev - 'ry step I meet? Je- sus is my light and song!
3. When I come to Jordan's roll-ing tide, Je- sus is my light and song!

Why should I my cross a burden deem? Je- sus is my light and song!
What tho' snares are ready for my feet? Je- sus is my light and song!
When the waves like mountains o-ver-ride, Je- sus is my light and song!

All my way is mark'd by love divine; Round my cross the rays of glory shine;
He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to bat-tle in the fray;
Thro' the flood his form shall still be near, Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer;

Christ himself com-pan-ion is of mine,—Je- sus is my light and song!
Now on him my ev - 'ry hope I stay,—Je- sus is my light and song!
I shall Jor - dan breast without a fear,—Je- sus is my light and song!

CHORUS.

Je- sus is my light, Je - sus is my light, Jesus is my light and song;
my light and song;

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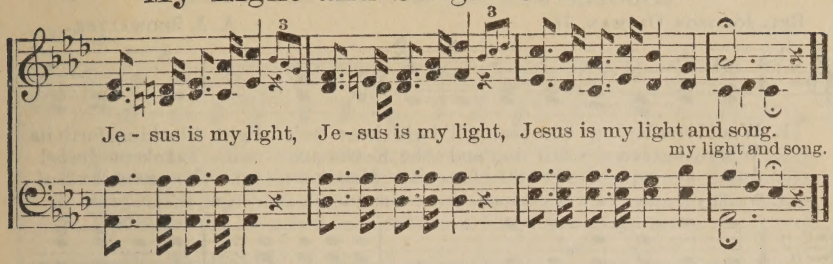
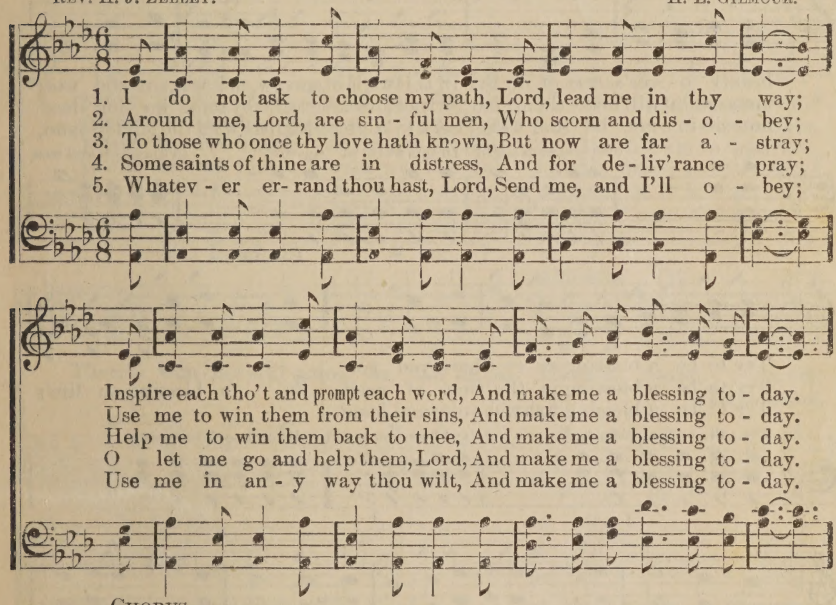
My Light and Song.—Concluded.

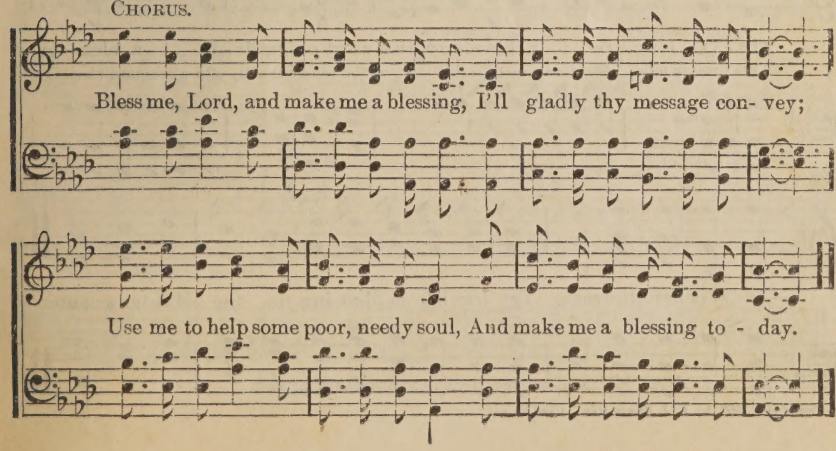


85 Make Me a Blessing To-Day.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.



CHORUS.



Be a Blessing.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. Showalter.

1. Would you be a sun-beam fill'd with heav-en's light, Shedding forth its
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel
3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake May sweet chords of

1. Would you be a sun-beam fill'd with heaven's light, Shedding forth its

beauty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,
message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some lov-ing deed,
mu-sic in some bo-som wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the golden land,

beau-ty over scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sickness, sin and woe,

Chorus.

Try to be a blessing ev-'ry-where you go.
Try to be a blessing in the time of need.
Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.
} Be a blessing on life's

Try to be a blessing ev'rywhere you go. Be a cheerful blessing

wea-ry mile, Be a blessing with a word or smile; Be a blessing,

on life's weary mile, Be a sun-ny blessing with a word or smile, Be a constant blessing,

ev-'ry-where the same, Try to be a bless-ing in the Mas-ter's name.

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87 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser-vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,

power in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
power in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal-va-ry's tide,
power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
power in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing?

Chorus.

There's won-der-ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
There is power,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is power,

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Sweeping Over the World.

E. D. Elliott. Wm. Eddie Marks.

1. Like a "rush-ing might-y wind" a-cross the sea and land Comes the pen-te-cos-tal
2. It is fan-ning ev-er brighter faith's poor smouldering fire, And the peo-ple far and
3. It dis-per-ses clouds of doubt and drives them far a-way, And the nations walk to-
4. Soul re-viv-ing cur-rents speed a-cross the land and sea And the nations sing as

breeze obey-ing God's command, Noth-ing wrong nor sinful can its mighty strength withstand,
near to ho-ly lives a-spire, More of love to God the Fa-ther is the heart's de-sire,
geth-er in the Light to-day, The redeemed of all the earth march on in strong ar-ray,
one the an-them of the free, From the dis-tant is-lands come the sounds of ju-bi-lee,

Chorus.

It is sweep-ing o'er the world! It is sweep-ing o'er the world,
It is sweeping, quick-ly sweeping o'er the world,

It is sweep-ing o'er the world, With a swift, po-ten-tial force,
It is sweeping, quick-ly sweeping o'er the world,

It is speed-ing on its course, It is sweep-ing o'er the world!

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89 Like a Mighty Sea.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in, A
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The earn-est of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor-rent of sal-va-tion, in sav-ing cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to
show-er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
be-ing and takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'
sing-ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

Chorus by Clarence B. Strouse.

sat-is-fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap-py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.
} Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

shouts I can't con-trol, Comes the love of Je-sus, sweep-ing o'er my soul.

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90 Gather With the Faithful.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Joy in my sad-ness, Hope in my tears; Now let thy pres-ence
2. Come when the morn-ing Breaks on my sight; Come in the noon-tide,
3. Star of the wea-ry, Rise on my way; Where thou art lead-ing,

Ban-ish all my fears. Lo, I am wait-ing, Here at thy throne;
Love-ly, calm and bright; Come when the daybeams Gen-tly have flown;
Joy-ful I o-bey. When, o'er life's o-cean, Storm billows foam,

CHORUS.

O my Re-deem-er, Leave me not a-lone.
O my Re-deem-er, Leave me not a-lone.
O my Re-deem-er, Safe-ly bear me home.
} Wherev-er I may go, wher-

ev-er I may be, Thou in whom I trust, O still a-bide with me;

Keep this heart of mine and hide my life with thine, That I may gather with the faithful.

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Alone With God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

Chorus.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him
A-lone with God, Alone with God,

ritard.

hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
To hold with him

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The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,

I from the bro- ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der- ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der- ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der- ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar- rier down, This love, won-der- ful love.

Chorus.

The great-est thing in earth be-low Is love.....
won-der-ful love,

The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
won - der - ful love,

The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love,.....
won - der - ful love,

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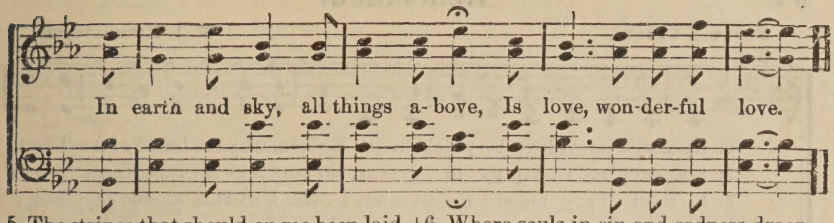


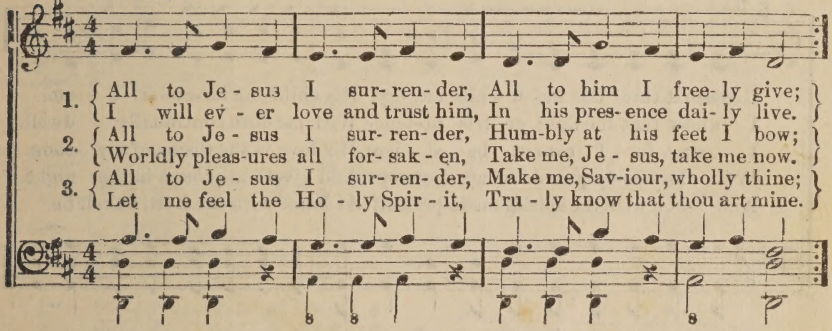
5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore, and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.

6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.

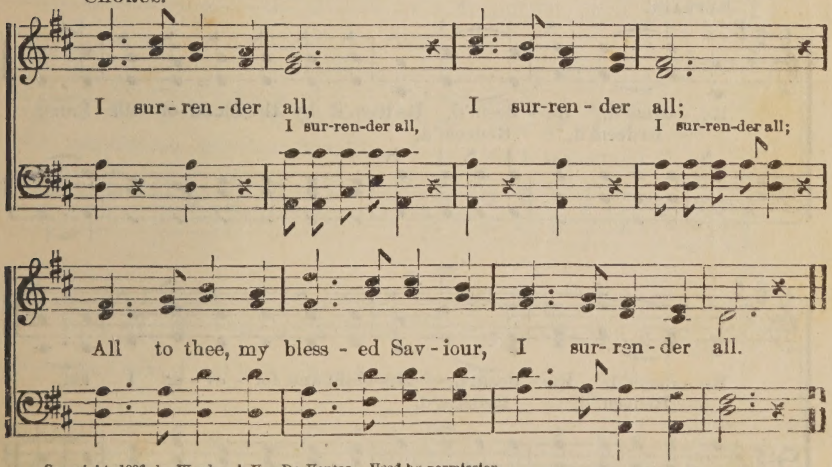
93 I Surrender All.

(DUET.)

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.



Chorus.



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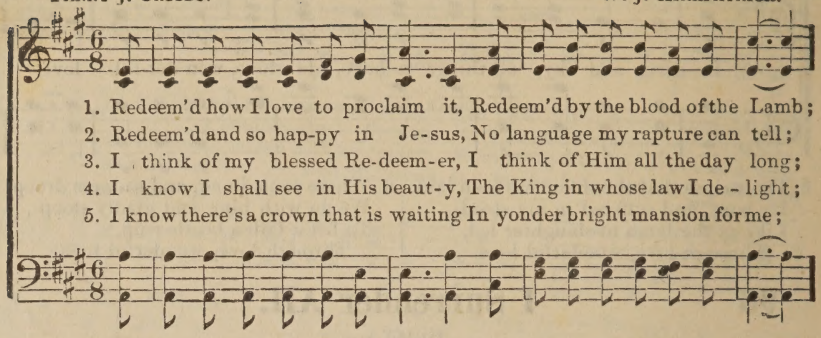
4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

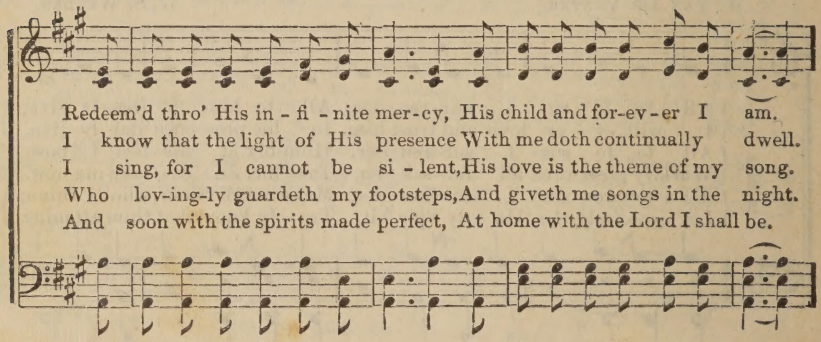
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame
O the joy of full salvation,
Glory, glory to his name!

Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

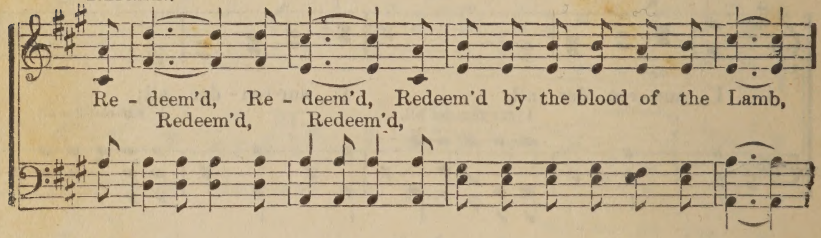


1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beaut-y, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

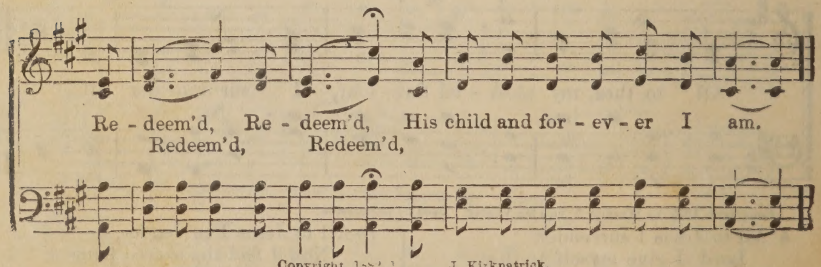


Redeem'd thro' His in - fi - nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.



Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,



Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

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Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-

wander'd, my Sav-iour, from Thee; But Thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me
bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of Thy
round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to Thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.
pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Sav-iour, from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee.
in thee.

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Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

Chorus:

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er-last- ing arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

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97 That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. That grand word "whosoev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev-er

will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut-most save,

Chorus.

Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who - - - so-

Who-so-ev-er will,

ev - - - er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Saviour's in-vi-

who-so-ev-er will,

ta-tion is free-ly sounding still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

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The New Song.

FLORA A. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Master hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas-per wall When I come to the gloom of the

bird..... in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din..... of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
made..... me glad? When he points where the many man-sions be, And he
e - ven-fall, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O the new, new song!
sing the psalm they are singing there.
sweetly says, "There is one for thee?"
path of light that will lead to him.

O the new, new song!

O the new, new song! I can sing it

O the new, new song! I can sing it

now with the ran - somed throng: Pow-er and do-

now, just now with the ransomed, the ransomed throng:

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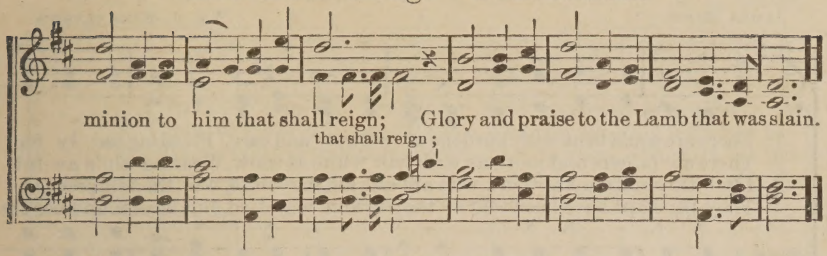
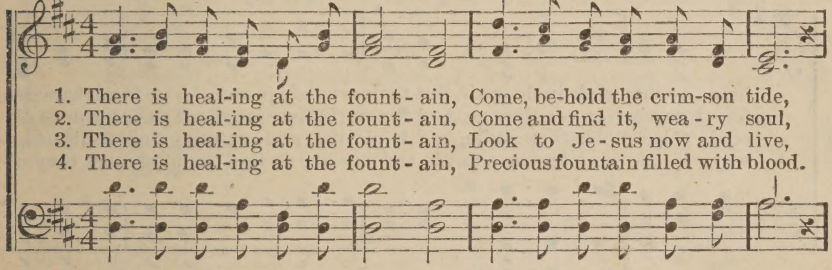
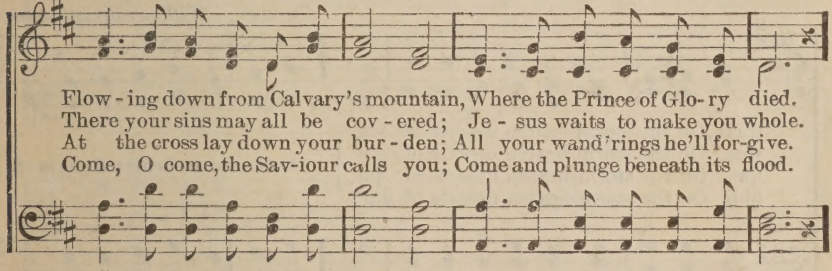


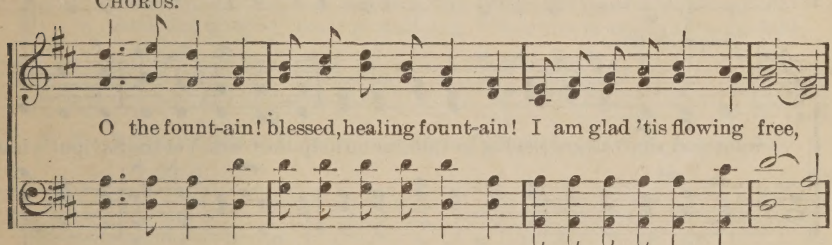
99 Healing at the Fountain.

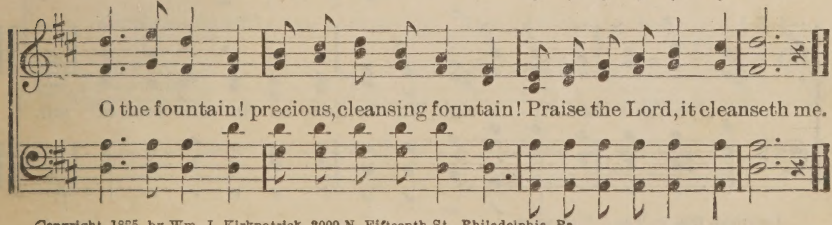
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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100 On the Storm-Beaten Deserts.

JAMES ROWE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There are souls bent with burdens of sor-row and care, Pleading sad- ly for
2. There are fathers and mothers with hair white as snow, Wearing sin's aw-ful
3. Lit - tle children are there who are sad all the while, For the tempter al -
4. They per-haps have been told of the Saviour who died, But have found not the

help as they sink in de-spair, But their cries are in vain, for no friends have they
fet - ters wher-ev - er they go, And the world only laughs at their burdens of
read - y has stolen their smile, And is plotting and planning their souls to de-
way to his shel-ter-ing side; Is there no one to lead them? or must they a -

CHORUS. *With great expression.*

there, On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.
woe, On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.
file, On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.
bide On the storm-beaten deserts of sin?

On the storm-beaten deserts of

Tempo ad lib.

want and sin, Souls are pleading in vain, for no help they win, Yet the Saviour's last

cry, yes, his last dy- ing sigh, Was for these on the des - erts of sin.

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101 When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. B. H. H. Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Jesus; This vain world is nought to me;
2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,
3. Just beyond the waves of Jordan, Just beyond the chill-ing tide,

All its pleasures are for-got-ten In rememb'ring Cal - va - ry.
I will lean up - on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;
Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa-ters glide;

Tho' my friends despise, forsake me, And on me the world looks cold,
I will claim His precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold,
In that hap - py land of spirits, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,

:S: Fine.

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear-ly gates un-fold.
"Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pear-ly gates un-fold."
And the an-gels are a-wait-ing When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

D. S.—But my heart will know no sadness, When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

Chorus. *D. S.*

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its evening bells will toll;

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The Cross is Not Greater.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me;
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in his sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than his grace, The storm can-not hide his bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as- sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo- ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest;

Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
An - gels descending, bring from a- bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

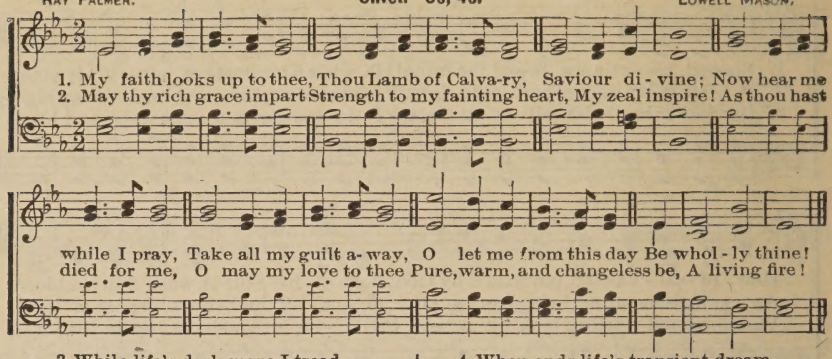
D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D.C.

Un - known waves be- fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-terous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

105 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

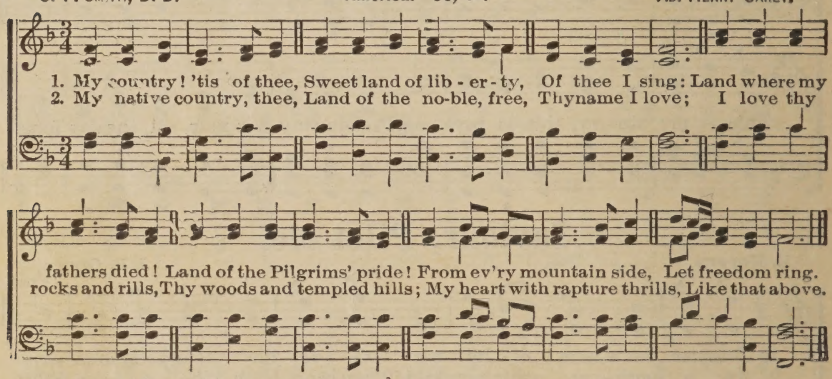


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

106 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. America. 6s, 4s. AD. HENRY CAREY.

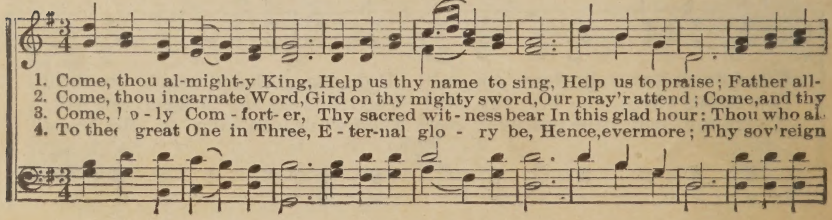


3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

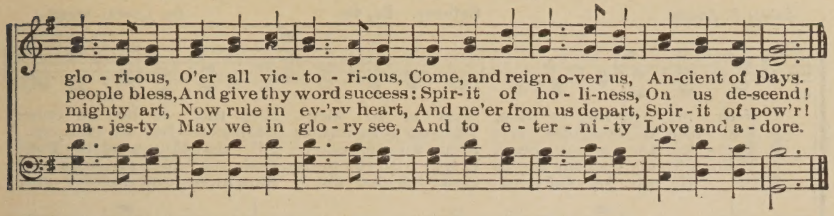
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

107 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

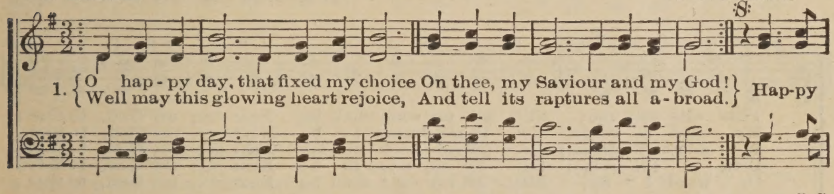


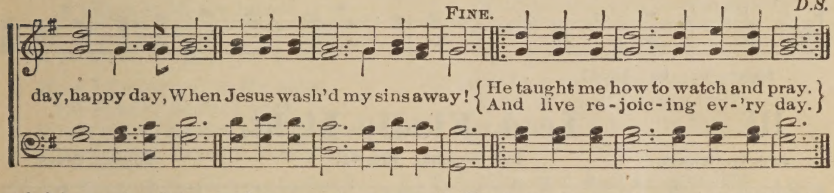
Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.



108 Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



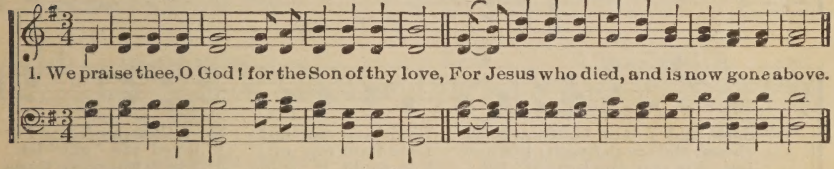


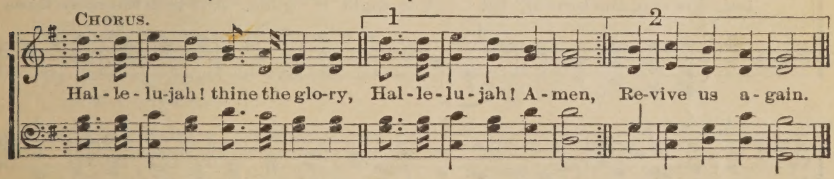
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

109 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.





2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

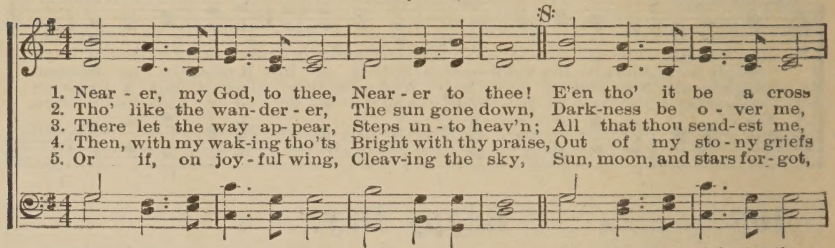
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

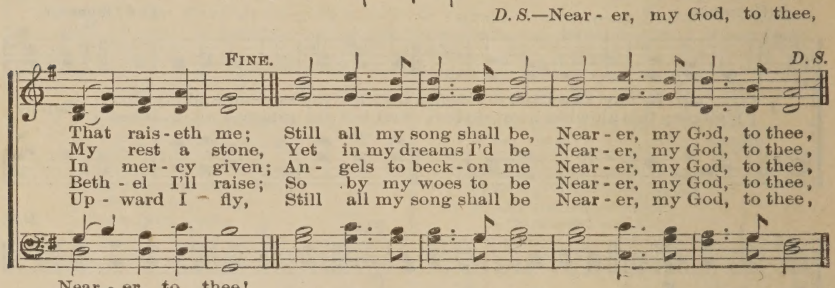
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

110 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

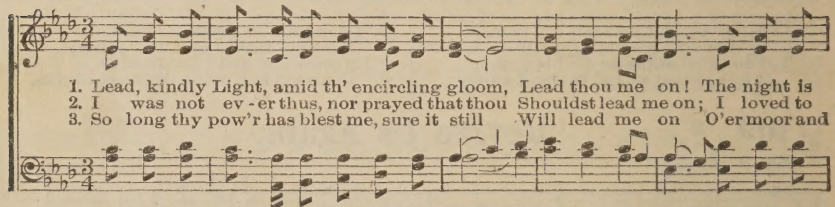
SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.

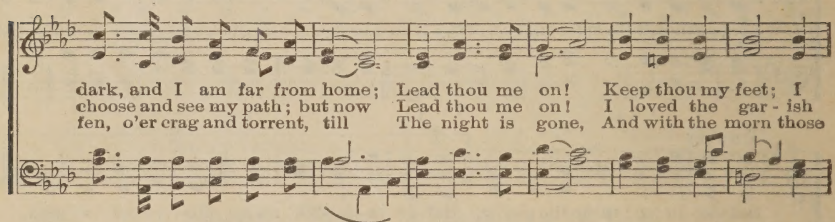


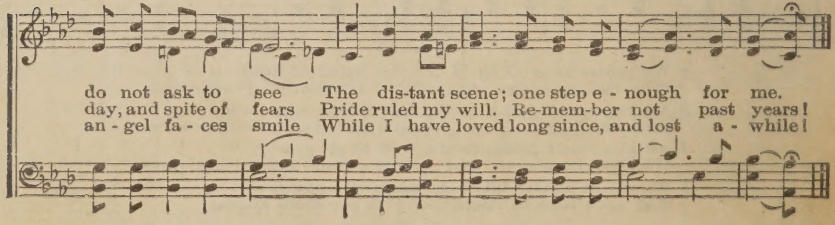


111 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s. JOHN B. DYKES.

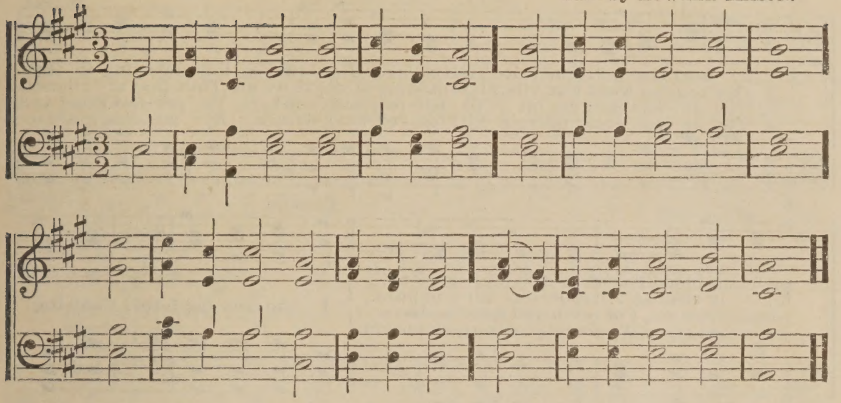






Azmon. C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



112 Am I a Soldier?

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

—*Isaac Watts.*

113 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

114 The World Overcome.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

—*John Newton.*

115 O for a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot down,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

—*Wm. H. Bathurst.*

116 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. — Rev. Lewis Hartsough.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless - ed work within, By ad - ding grace to

pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

Chorus.

I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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117 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Wm. W. How. — St. Hilda. 7. 6. D. — Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Out - side the fast - clos'd door, In low - ly
2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns thy
3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for

pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er; Shame on us, Christian brethren, his
brow en - circle, And tears thy face have marr'd: O, love that passeth knowledge, So
you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We

name and sign who bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.
pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

118 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on others thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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119 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord, And he will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in his word.
2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow; Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join the ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{* On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will (*Omit*.....)} save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

120 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a great day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and

by, When the saints and the sinners shall be part- ed right and left, Are you
by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.

read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you

ready for the judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready for the judgment day?

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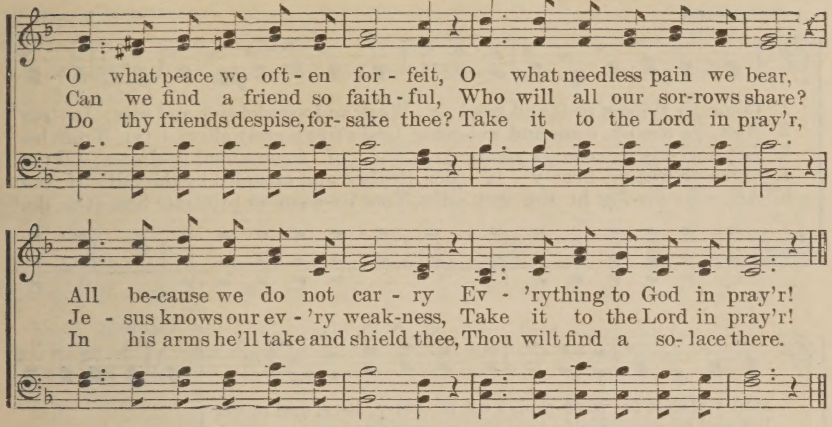
121 What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav- y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

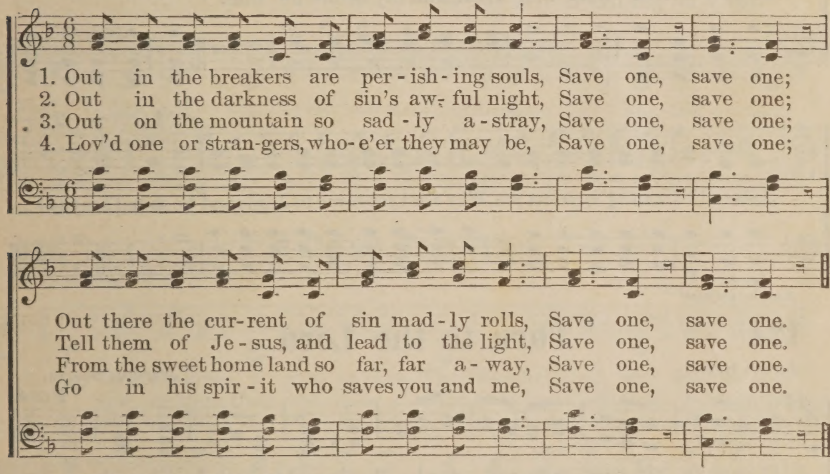
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

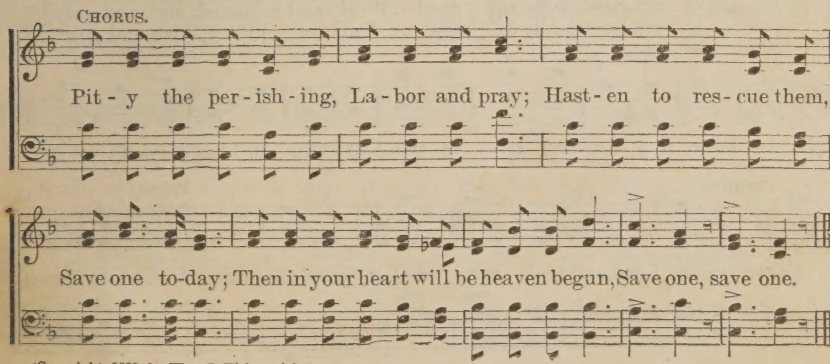
What a Friend.—Concluded.



122 Save One.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





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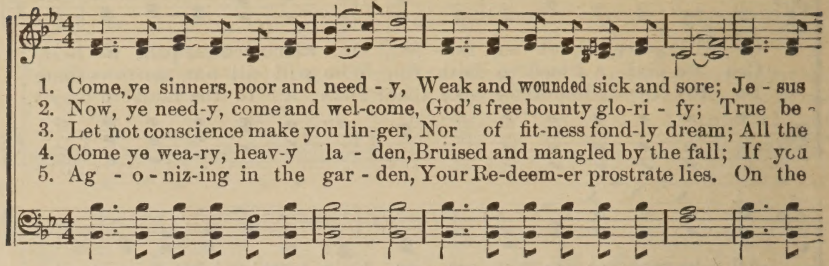
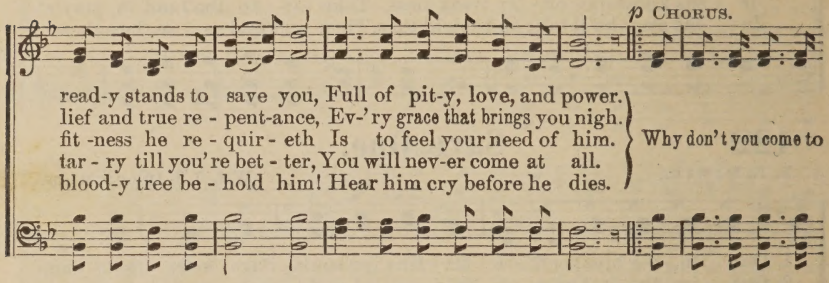
123 Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

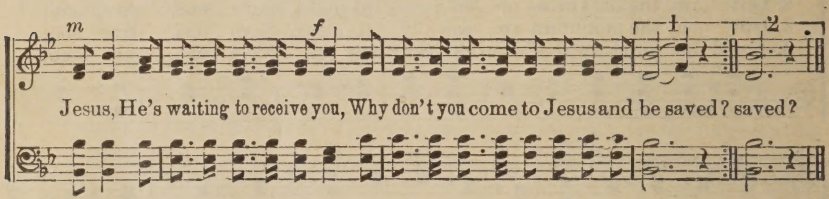
JOSEPH HART. C. R. DUNBAR.



1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded sick and sore; Je - sus
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free bounty glo-ri - fy; True be -
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; All the
4. Come ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar - den, Your Re-deem-er prostrate lies. On the



read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power.
lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
fit -ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him.
tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all.
blood-y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry before he dies.
} Why don't you come to



Jesus, He's waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?

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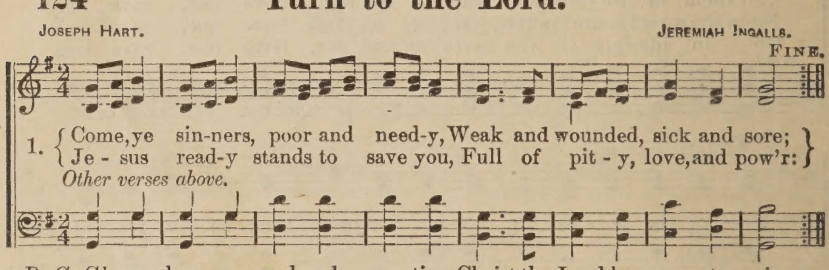
124 Turn to the Lord.

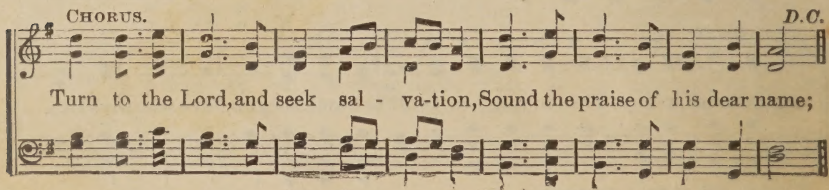
JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r: }

Other verses above.

D. C.-Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va- tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

125 The Saviour is Calling for Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. With outstretched hands and pleading tone, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
2. From sin's de-file-ment, sin's con-trol, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
3. By count-less mer-cies, day by day, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
4. He bids thee to a feast of love, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
5. Then turn this mo-ment, look and live! The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;

S. FINE.

From Calv'ry's cross, from yon-der throne, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
O yield to him thy blood-bought soul, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
By tri-als sent a-long the way, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
To shin-ing man-sions built a-bove, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
Full, ev-er-last-ing life he'll give, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

D.S.—The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

Chorus. *p* *D.S.*

Call - ing, call - ing, The Saviour is calling for thee; Call - ing, call - ing,
Calling for thee, calling for thee; Calling for thee, calling for thee;

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126 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D.C. Chorus.

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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127 Why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand!
2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;
3. O, the bliss of life e-ter-nal You may al-so share!
4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;

:S: FINE.

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil-worn hand.
Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gate of pray'r.
While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

D.S.—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?

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128 Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

:S:

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

name! Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

129 He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless- ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re- pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou-bled sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me! }
{ His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he (*Omit*.....) leadeth me. }

130 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, }
{ And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit*.....) wishes known. }

D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return sweet (*Omit*....) hour of pray'r.

D.C.

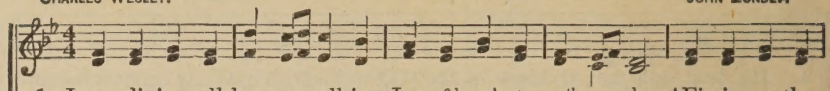
In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

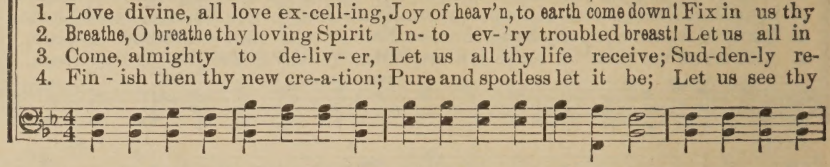
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

131 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

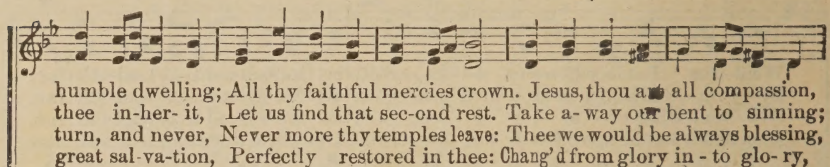
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



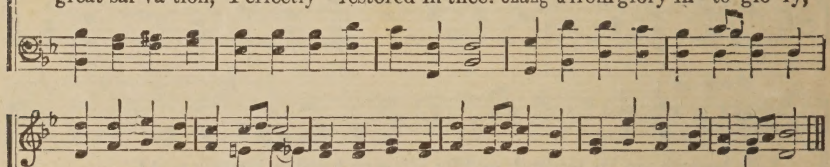
1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In- to ev- 'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv - er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin - ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy



humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
thee in-her- it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a- way our bent to sinning;
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,
great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in - to glo- ry,

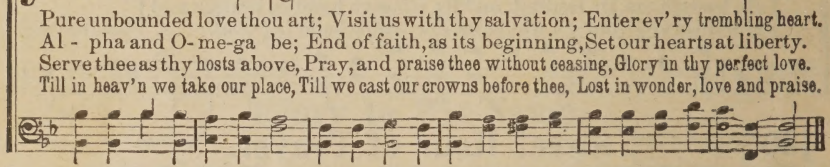


Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Al - pha and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

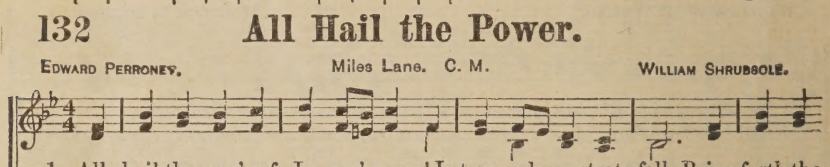


132 All Hail the Power.

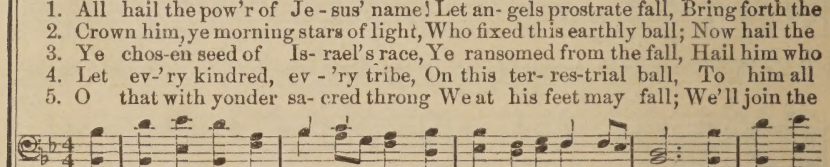
EDWARD PERRONEY. Miles Lane. C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Ye chos-en seed of Is- rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter- res-trial ball, To him all
5. O that with yonder sa- cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the



roy - al di- a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ev - er-last-ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.



133 I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be

rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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134 Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood

135 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

Chorus.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

136 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. Lowell Mason.

1 2 Fine.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit.* .....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit.* .....) When man's work is done.

cres. *D.C.*

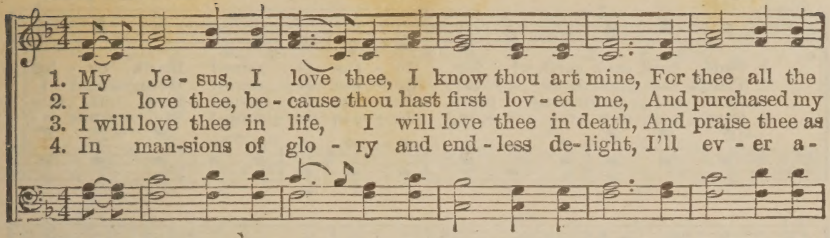
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more

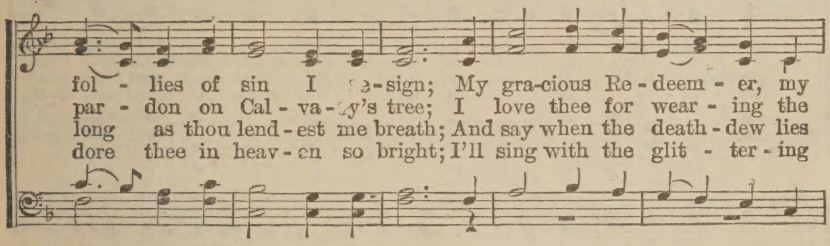
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

137 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

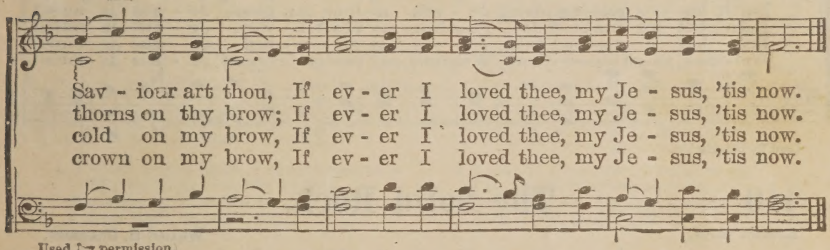
LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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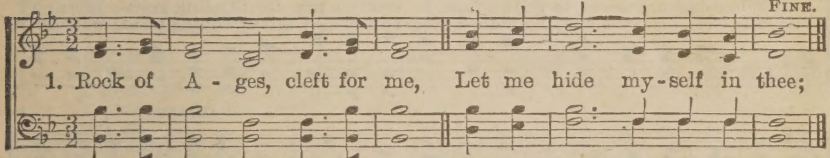
138 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

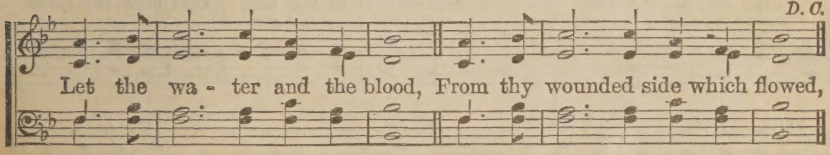
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

139 Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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140 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a- round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co.

141 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount - ain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,

And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

D.S.–And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.–And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
D.S–Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Lose all their guilt - y stains,.... Lose all their guilt - y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way,..... Wash all my sins a - way,
Are saved, to sin no more,..... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

142 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Woodworth. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,

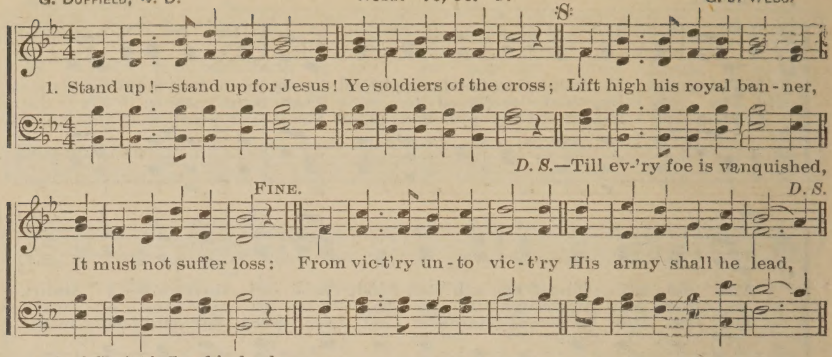
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

143 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield, D. D. Webb. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

144 The Morning Light.

S. F. Smith. Tune,—Webb. 7s, 8s. D.

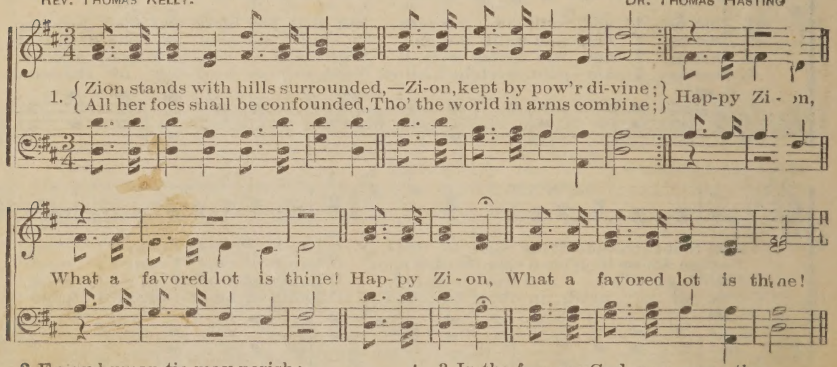
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tiding from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

145 Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. Dr. Thomas Hasting



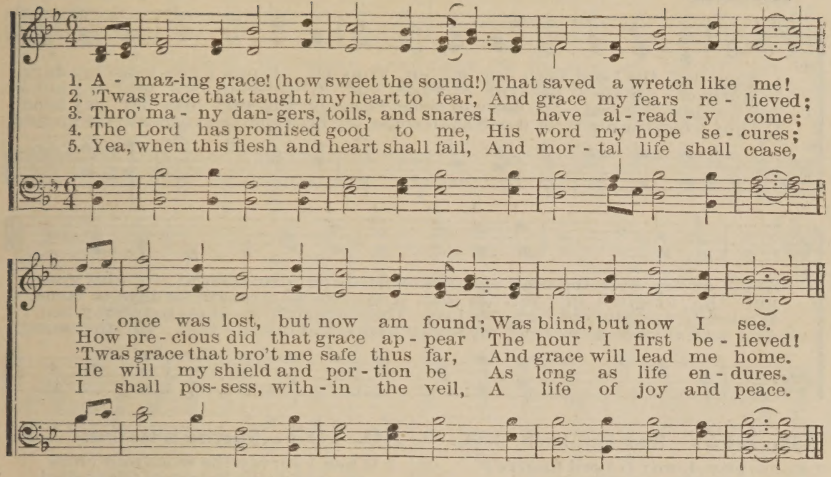
2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

D

146 Maitland. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. GEO. N. ALLEN.



147 Must Jesus Bear? C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

—*Thomas Shepherd. Alt.*

148 How Precious! C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

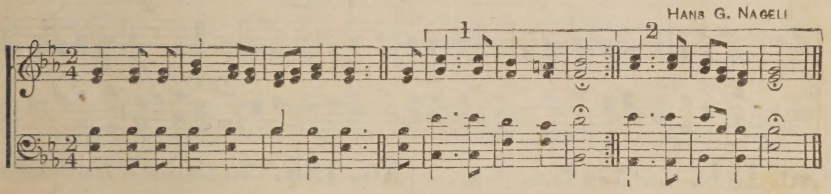
2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guard our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

—*John Fawcett.*

Naomi. C. M.

HANS G. NAGELI



149 Father, Whate'er. C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

—*Anne Steele.*

150 O Thou Who Driest! C. M.

1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

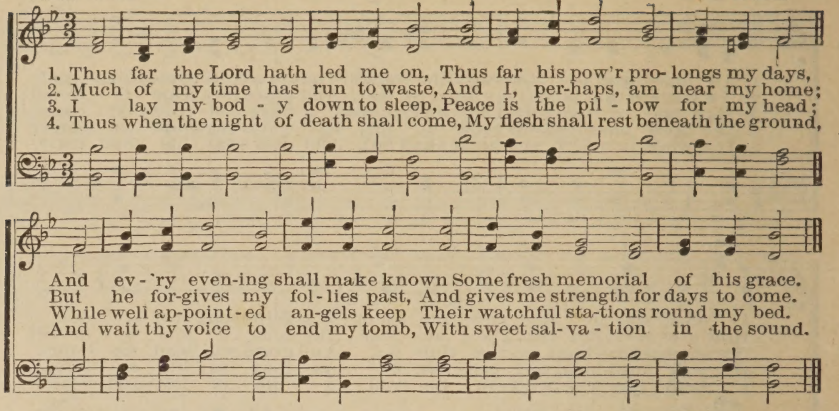
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

—*Thomas Moore.*

No. 151. Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DR. L. MASON.



No. 152. Show Pity, Lord. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 153. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my price.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

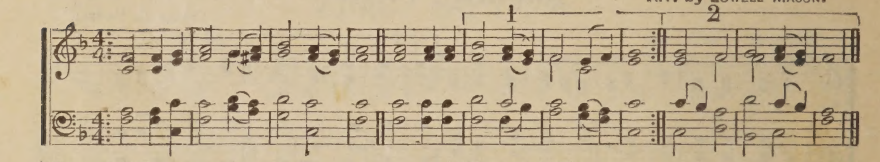
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine?
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 154. Lord, I am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity!
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—*Samuel Davies.*

No. 155. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

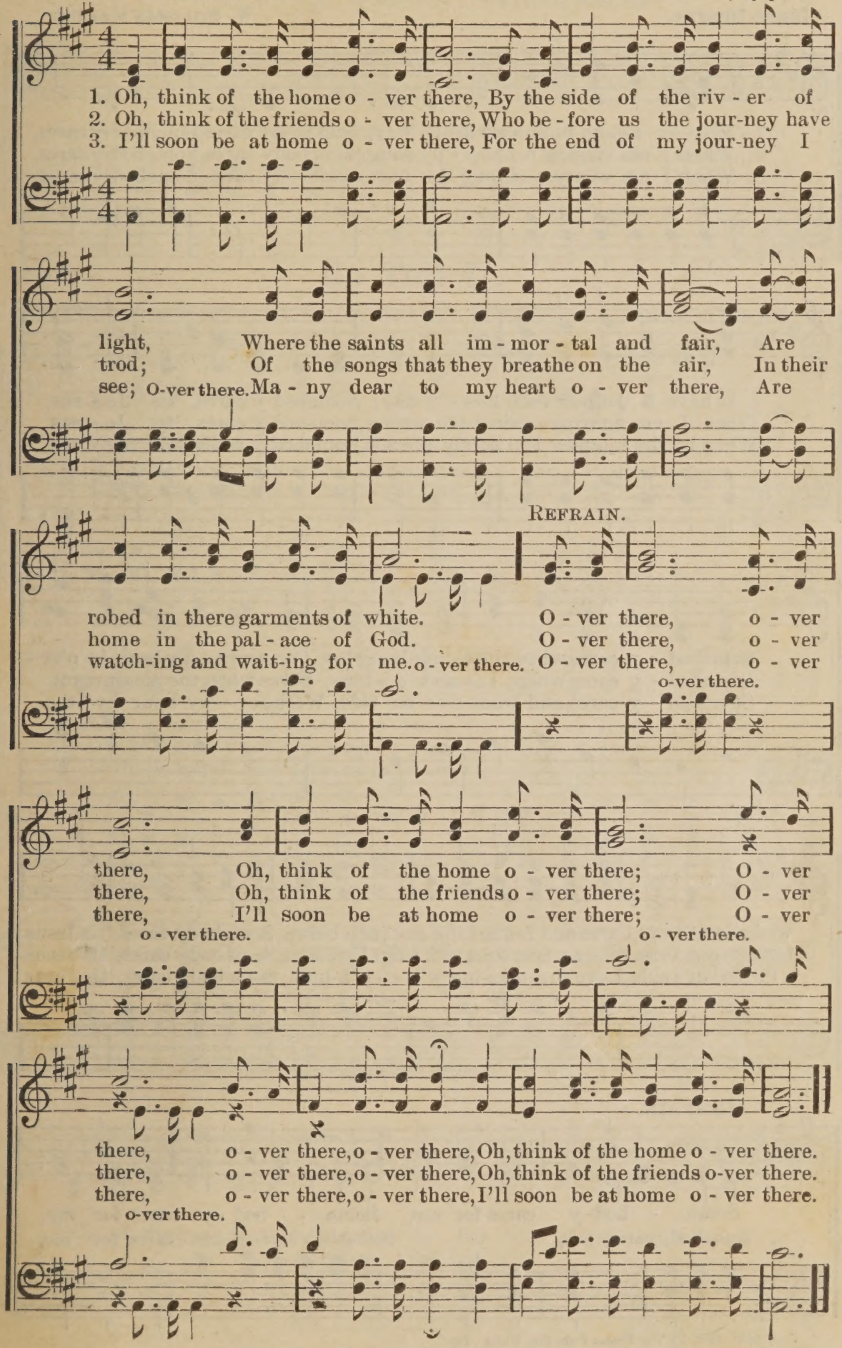
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

—*Joseph Grigg.*

156 Oh, Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'Kane, by per.



Somebody Cares.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth- ly way, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
2. When I am singing a hap - py song, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,

I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When I am fighting against the wrong, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,

Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -
Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be- tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the

whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod- y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, he cares for me,

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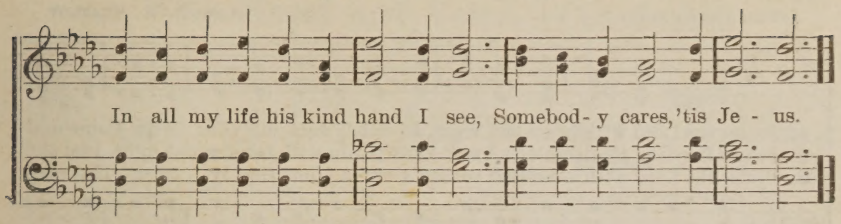
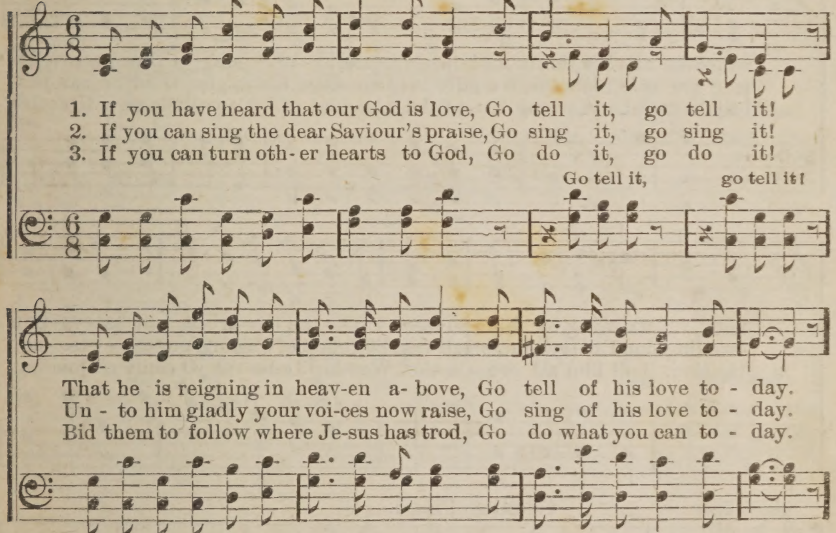
Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

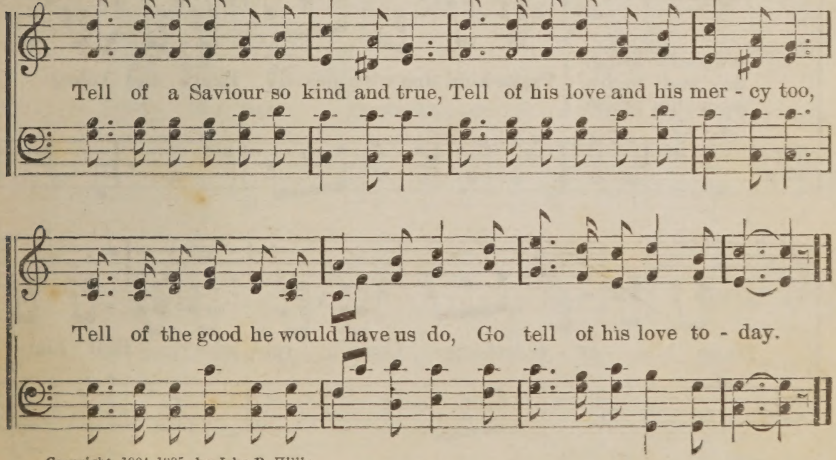


158 Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOHN P. HILLIS.



CHORUS.



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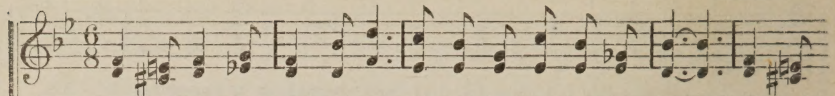
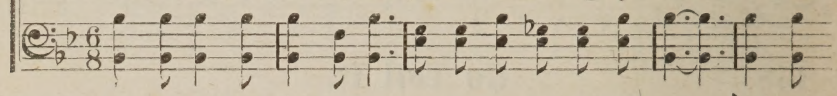
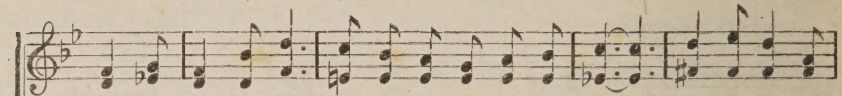
159 With Heart and Voice.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

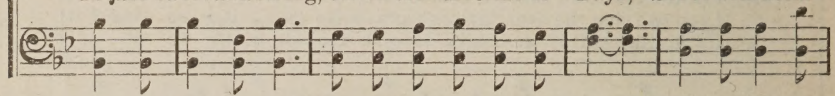


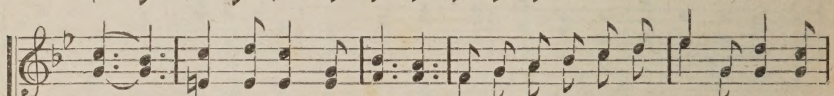
1. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Joyful-ly serv-ing your King, Come and
2. Praise the dear Re-deem-er's name, Crown him with beauty and light, Just and
3. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Ev-er a - dor- ing- ly raise Hal - le -



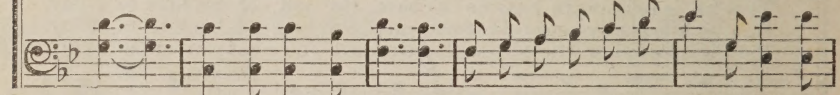


wor-ship at his throne, Lov-ing-ly, grateful - ly sing; Hap-py ev- 'ry
true are all his ways, Won-der-ful, boundless, his might; Glad ho- san-nas
lu-jahs sweet and strong, Un- to the "Ancient of Days;" Shout with accla -

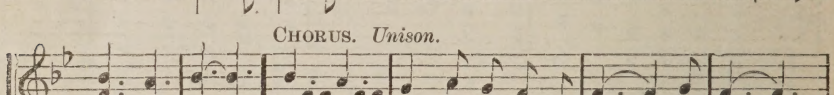




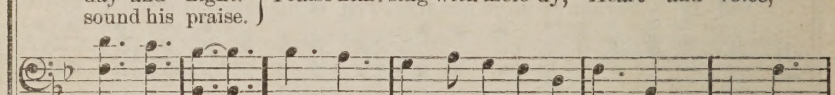
hour, trust-ing in his pow-er, Un-to the Giv-er of our sal- va- tion
swelling, loud his goodness tell-ing, Fountain of blessing our joy e - ter - nal,
ma-tion, hail him all cre - a-tion, Worship Je-ho-vah, O come re- joic-ing,

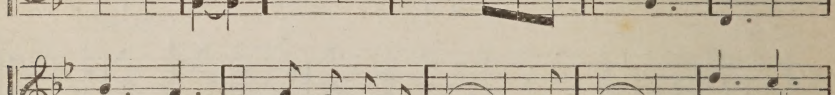


CHORUS. *Unison.*

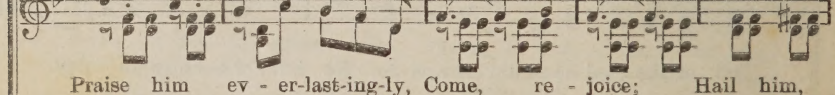


prais-es bring.
day and night. } Praise him! sing with melo-dy, Heart and voice,
sound his praise.





Praise him ev - er-last-ing-ly, Come, re - joice; Hail him,



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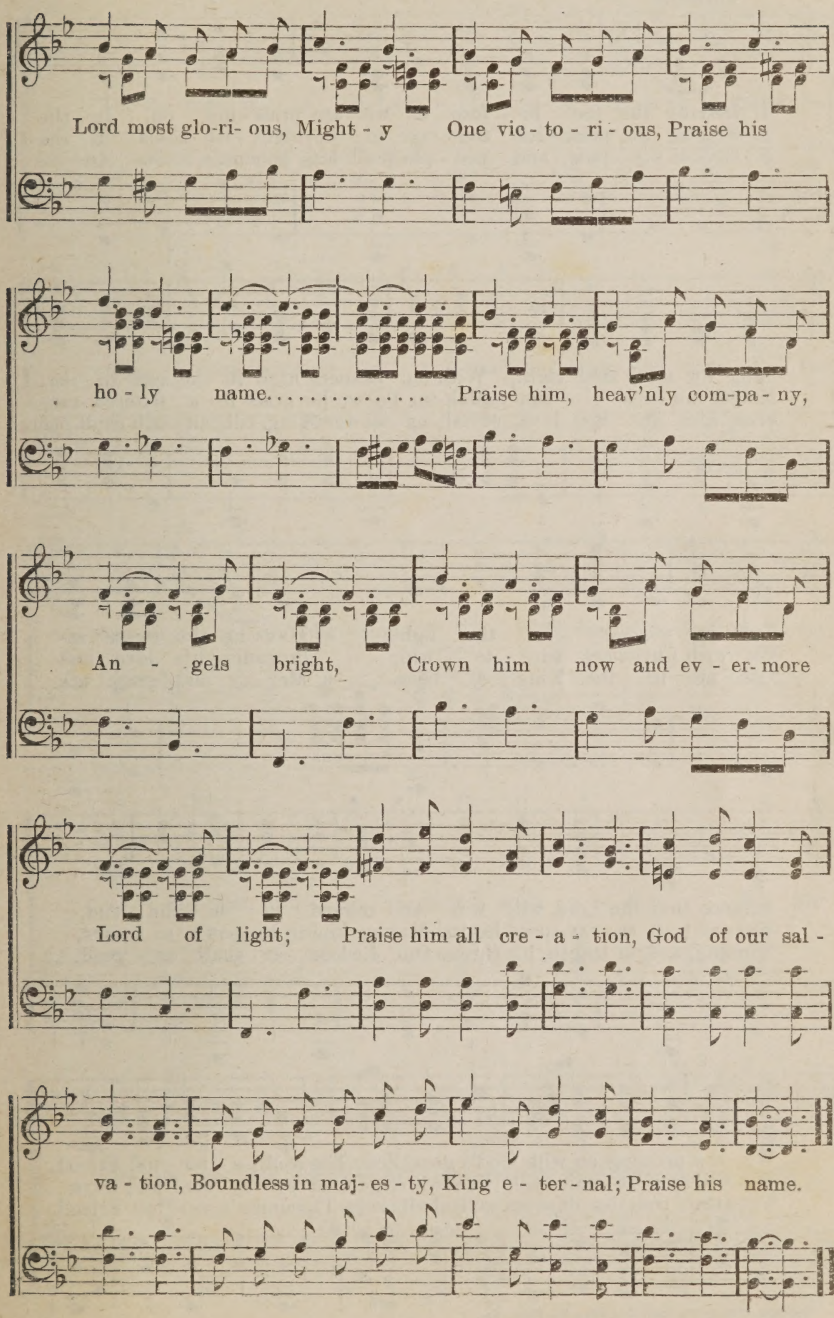
With Heart and Voice.—Concluded.



161 The Battle of the Centuries.

JAMES ROWE. Dedicated to my friend, Prof. Chas. F. Allen. CHARLES H. MARSH.

UNISON.

1. Driving the foe be - fore us, we are press - ing on, In the
2. Bearing the price - less mes- sage to be- night - ed souls In the
3. Ev - er - y race and peo - ple shall his goodness know And re-

fight for truth and right, With our banners high in the sun - lit sky,
haunts and dens of sin, Mak-ing known his grace to a fettered race,
vere him for his love, Shall ex- tol our King, till the earth shall bring

Find - ing glo - ry in the fight. Hav- ing the sweet as-
We with Christ are sure to win; Spreading his love and
Trib - ute to the King a - bove. Mer - cy and grace are

surance that the Lord will win And reward us in the end,
mer- cy with en - rap-tured hearts, Making known his pow'r to save,
winning, and, at length, his throne Our Redeem - er shall as - cend,

We are pressing on with God's great Son, The soul's e - ter - nal Friend.
We will true re- main, till he shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and wave.
Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sinner's per- fect Friend.

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The Battle of the Centuries.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a - gainst the

world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage, Till the

ban - ner of sin be furled; With the might - y Sav - iour

of the lost, Whom the ransomed souls a - dore, We will

rit.

bat - tle on, till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

163 The King of the Ages.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Unison.

1. See the cross, where the Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied, See the blood, shed for sin-ners when Je - sus died, Hear the song that the ransom'd in heav - en sing, See the crown on the head of our Sav - iour King.

2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges lay, See the stone, by the an-gels once roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his prais - es the heav - ens ring, See the crown on the

3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa - ther's side, Pray - ing there for the dear ones for whom he died; Heart and life to his serv - ice we glad - ly bring, Place a crown on the

Chorus. *Parts.*

Je - sus is liv - ing in
Je - - sus is

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The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, The King of the A - ges is he,.....

liv-ing in glo-ry, The glo - ri - ous King of the A-ges is he;

When he shall come in his king - dom, For ev - er with

When in his kingdom he comes, for ev - - -

him we shall be,..... Hap - py with him ev - 'ry mo - ment,

er with him we shall be, Hap - - py in him ev'ry mo-ment,

Joy - ful the prais - es we sing,..... And the Christ who once

Joy - - ful the praises we sing,

died to re - deem us, We will now crown our King.....

We'll crown him our King.

165. Soldiers of the Prince of Peace.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Unison.

1. March-ing on in bless-ed gos-pel light, Cour-age strong and
2. Je - sus left his king-ly home a-bove, Just to show to
3. If we true re-main till life is o'er, Bye and bye on

ar-mor shin-ing bright, Al-ways stand-ing firm-ly for the right,
us his boundless love; Now our con-stant faith in him to prove,
heaven's bless-ed shore We shall rest with him for-ev-er-more;

CHORUS.

We are sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.
We are sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.
Saint-ed sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.
On-ward, for-ward,

sing-ing as we go, Help-ing oth-ers Jesus Christ to know, Spreading

Harmony.

love and sunshine here be-low, We are soldiers of the Prince of Peace.

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Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I
3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan- gers and troubles would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will affright nev- er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love him so well, For

CHORUS.

Jesus should come to- day.
I should go home to - day.
he is "at hand" to - day.
he is my all to - day.
} Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning

day? I'll live for to- day, nor anxious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

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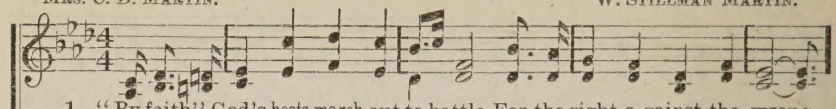
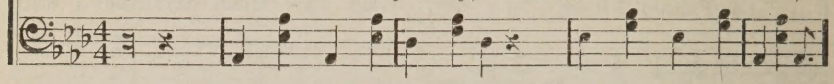
"By Faith."

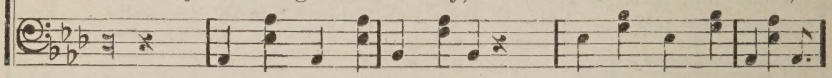
MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



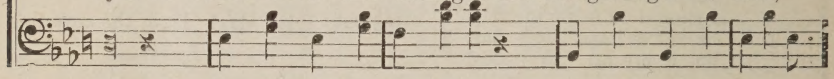
1. "By faith" God's hosts march out to battle, For the right a-gainst the wrong,
2. "By faith" we bear the cross with Je-sus, To the har- vest field we go,
3. "By faith" we seek the heav'nly cit - y, Seek a man-sion o - ver there,



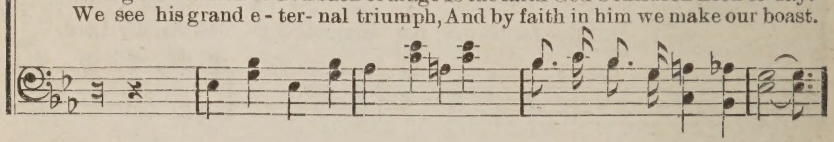
Be-neath the precious blood-stained banner Hear them sing the vic-tor's song;
"By faith," shall be our daily watchword, As we seek God's will to know;
And if by faith we gain the vic-to-ry, We at last a crown shall wear;



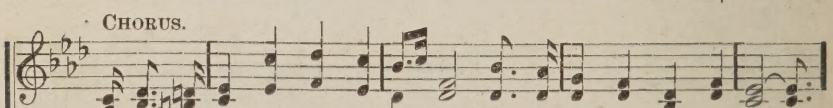
Be - fore them is the Lord their Captain, In their hand the Spir-it's sword,
The faith that shook the walls of Jer-i-cho, Conquered giants in the way,
"By faith" we see our Sav-iour coming With the bright angel - ic host,



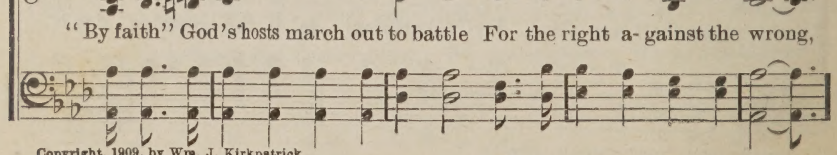
And yet above them nev- er slumb'ring, Is the ev - er watchful eye of God.
That gave the men of God such courage Is the faith God's children need to-day.
We see his grand e - ter- nal triumph, And by faith in him we make our boast.



CHORUS.



"By faith" God's hosts march out to battle For the right a- gainst the wrong,



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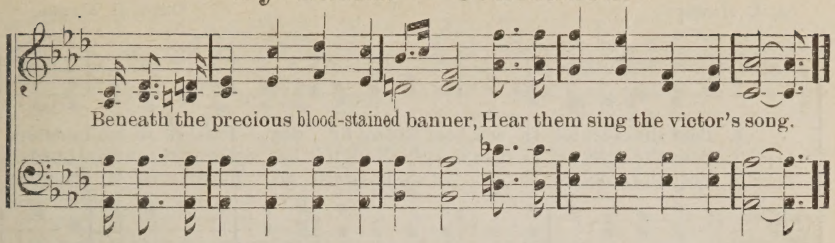
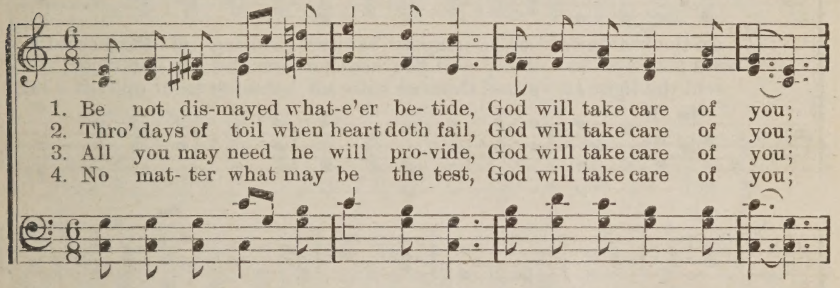
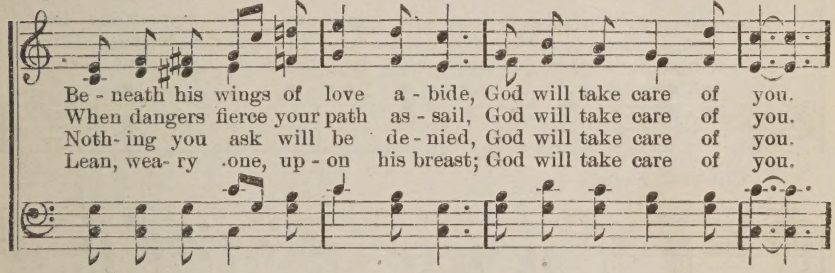
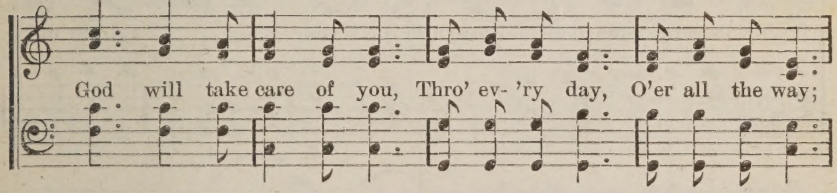


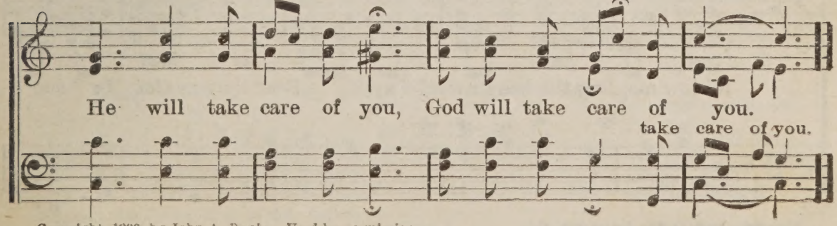
168 God Will Take Care of You.

MRS C. D. MARTIN. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. MARTIN.









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Bear the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it day by day; Fol-low in his footsteps up the heav'nward way; Hap-py in the guid-ing of the Friend a - bove, Ev - 'ry care con - fid - ing to his won - drous love.
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, heav-y though it be, He will ease the burden with his grace so free; All your will sur - ren - der to his will di - vine, Mer - cies, rich and ten - der, in your heart will shine.
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, as we on-ward go, Burdens he is shar-ing will the light-er grow; Cross-es with his bless-ing seem up - lift - ing wings, Till his joy pos - sess - ing, sweet ho - san - na rings.

Chorus. *Unison.*

Bear the cross, bear the cross, hear the Master say, ... "Fol-low me, fol-low me, up the heav'nward way;" Bear the cross for Je - sus

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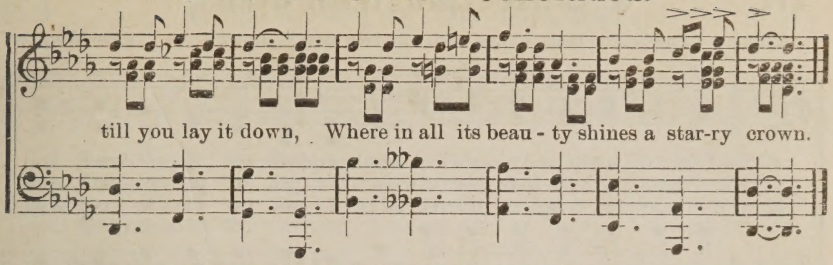
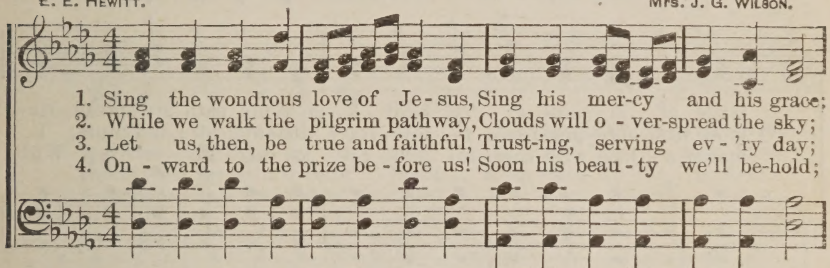
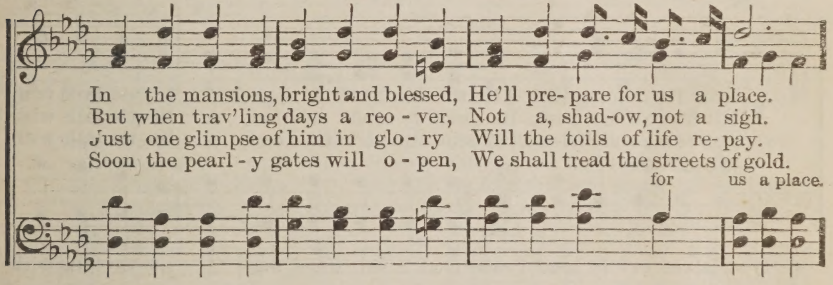
Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

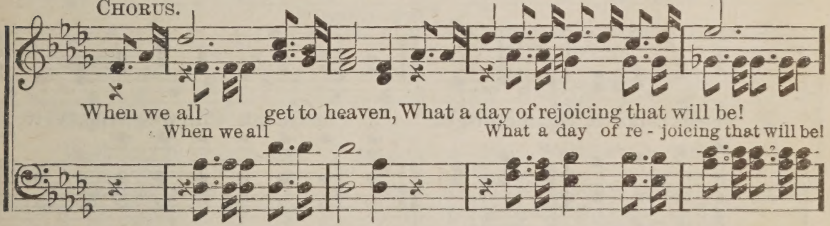


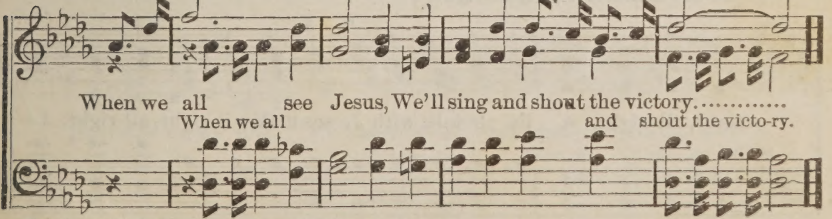
170 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.









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171 A Little Talk With Jesus.

ANON. "And behold there talked with him two men."—LUKE 9: 40. ARRANGED.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver-head, And trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How soon I con-quer all, All to the Lord I call, A lit- tle talk with Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit- tle talk with *D.S.*—trials of ev- 'ry kind, Praise God I al- ways find, A lit- tle talk with

2. When those who once were dearest friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And more who once pro- fess'd to love, Have distant grown, and mute, I tell him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief, A lit- tle talk with

3. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry, And march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy- ing lib - er - ty; With

FINE. CHORUS.

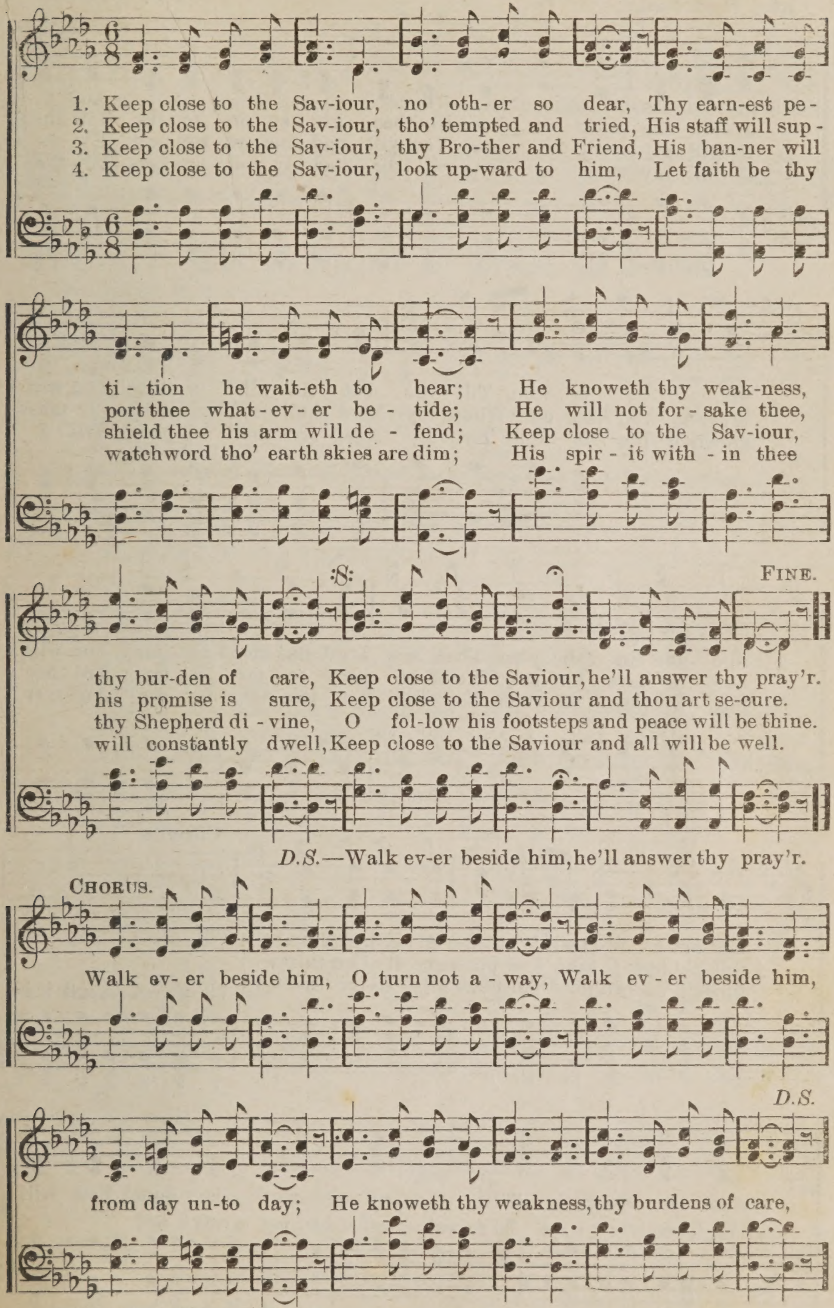
Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it Je-sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

right, all right, A lit- tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

172 Keep Close to the Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. FRANK BUTTS.



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173 Till My Work Is Done.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Till the work is done God has giv - en me to do, Till the
2. Till my work is done You will find me at my post, Ev - er
3. Till my work is done, I am glad - ly toil - ing here, Till the

vic - to - ry is won, Till the bat - tle all is thro', You will
brave-ly toil - ing on Where my Lord shall need me most; I must
crown of life is won, Till my Mas - ter shall ap-pear, Till I

find me in the place That my Lord has made for me, You will
nev - er dare for - sake Work he gave to me a - lone, Till my
hear his bless - ed voice Say - ing, "it was done for me," And o'er

Chorus.

find me at my task, Whatso-e'er my task may be.
finish'd task I take And pre-sent it at his throne.
finish'd tasks rejoice Thro'out all e - ter - ni- ty.

Till my work on earth is done,

work is done, Till my work is done; You will

Till the vic- to - ry is won, Till my work on earth is done, work on earth is done,

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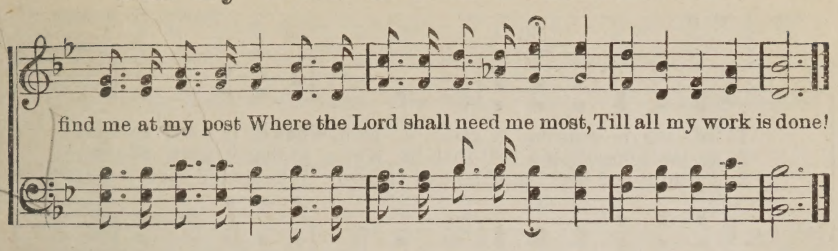
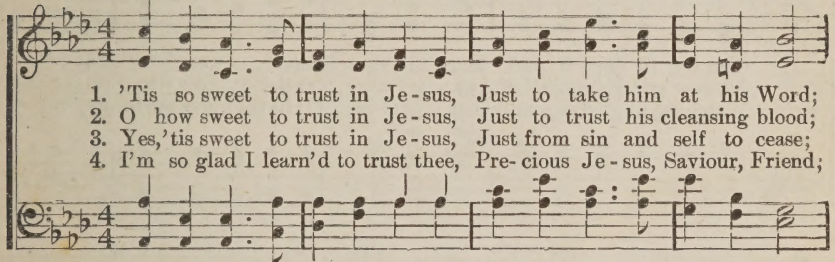
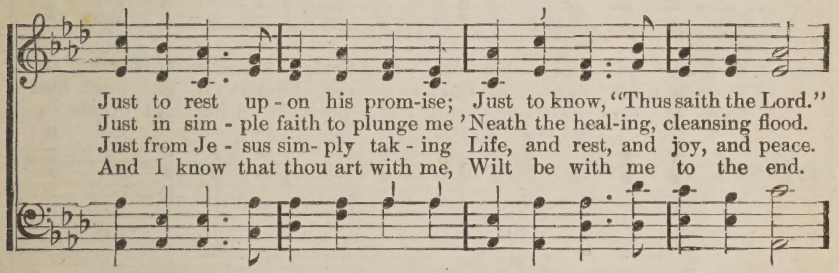
Till My Work Is Done.—Concluded.



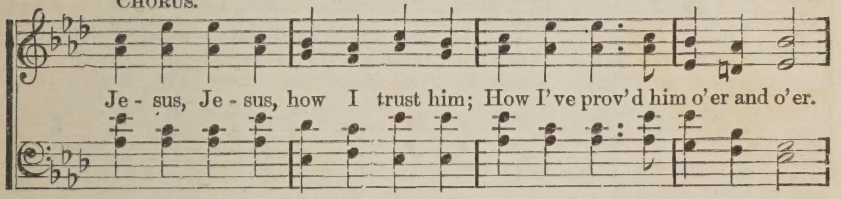
174 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

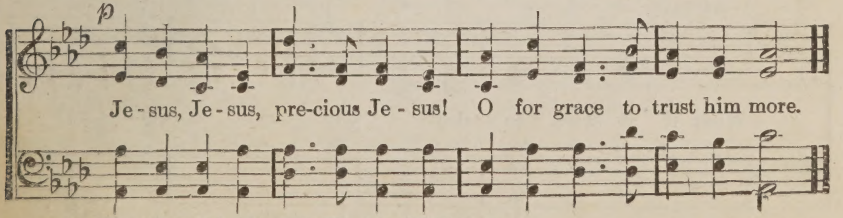
MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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175 **What if it were To-day?**

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would he find us here If he should come to-day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor-row and sighing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in gladness and not in fear, If he should come to- day?

Com-ing to claim his cho - sen Bride, All the re- deem'd and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet him
Signs of his com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

rit.

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo.

CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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What if it were To-day?—Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown him king, Haste to pre-

ritard.

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

176 O Still in Accents Sweet.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. (Chappell. C. M.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O still in ac-cents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the an-cient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In self-ish ease we lie,
3. Where prophets word, and martyrs blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,
4. O thou whose call our hearts have stirr'd, To do thy will we come;

"More reap-ers for white har- vest fields, More la-b'rers for the Lord."
But gird-ed for our Fa-ther's work, Go forth be-neath his sky.
We, to their la - bors en-t'ring in, Would reap where they have strown.
Thrust in our sick - les at thy word, And bear our har- vest home.

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177 Bring Your Vessels, Not a Few.

MRS. C. H. M. (2 Kings 4: 1-7.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Are you long-ing for the ful-ness of the bless-ing of the Lord
2. Bring your emp-ty earth-en ves-sels, clean thro' Je-sus' precious blood,
3. Like the cruse of oil un-fail-ing is his grace for ev-er-more,

In your heart and life to-day? Claim the prom-ise of the Fa-ther,
Come ye need-y, one and all; And in hum-ble con-se-cra-tion
And his love un-chang-ing still; And ac-cord-ing to his prom-ise

come ac-cord-ing to his word, In the bless-ed old time way.
wait be-fore the throne of God Till the Ho-ly Ghost shall fall.
with the Ho-ly Ghost and pow'r He will ev-'ry ves-sel fill.

CHORUS.

He will fill your heart to-day to o-ver-flow - - ing, As the
He will fill your heart to o-ver-flow-ing.

Lord commandeth you, "Bring your vessels, not a few;" He will fill your heart to-
He will fill

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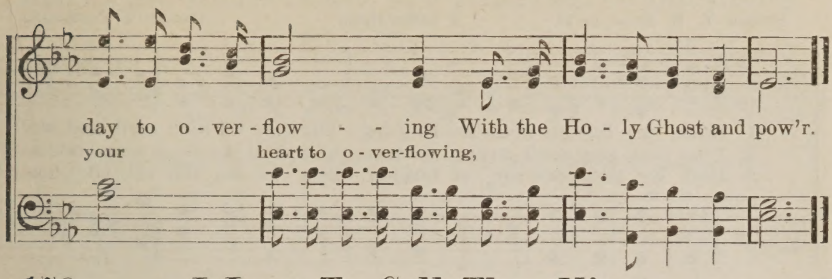
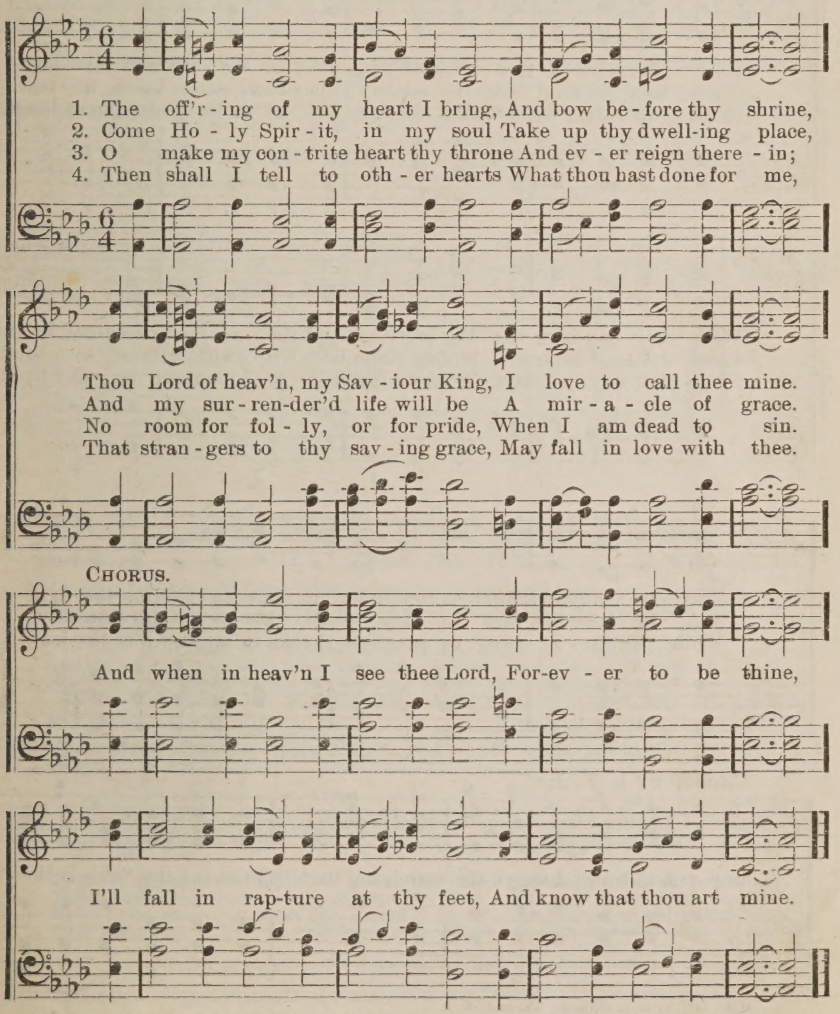


178 I Love To Call Thee Mine.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. H. L. GILMOUR.



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179 Hark, the Bugle Notes are Ringing.

BISHOP E. E. HOSS, D. D. A Battle Hymn. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Hark, the bu - gle notes are ring-ing, Till they fill both earth and sky;
2. Who shall stay their onward movement, Or shall bid them sound retreat?
3. Hail we, then, our roy - al Lead-er, Cheer we on the val - iant host;

And the sons of God are gath'ring, For the bat - tle that is nigh.
They have set their hearts on vic-'try; They shall nev-er know de - feat.
With up - lift - ed hearts and voi - ces Let us make tri-um phant boast.

With their ban-ners to the breez-es, And their ar - mor gleam-ing bright;
Rides the Lord him-self be-fore them, Girt with sword up - on his thigh;
For the day of days is dawn-ing, And the king-dom is at hand;

They are marching, forth to conquest, They are ea - ger for the fight.
And be - fore his face so king - ly All his en - e - mies must fly.
While the glo - ry sung by prophets Breaks in beaut-y o'er the land.

CHORUS BY L. F. J.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, hear ye the march-ing host! "Christ is King," this is their

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Hark, the Bugle Notes are Ringing.—Concluded.

on - ly boast: Ev-'ry one faith-ful-ly at his post, Strong to meet the foe:

To the cause of the Commander true; Doing what Jesus would have them do;

"In his name," fighting the bat-tle thro', They on-ward, on-ward go.

180 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

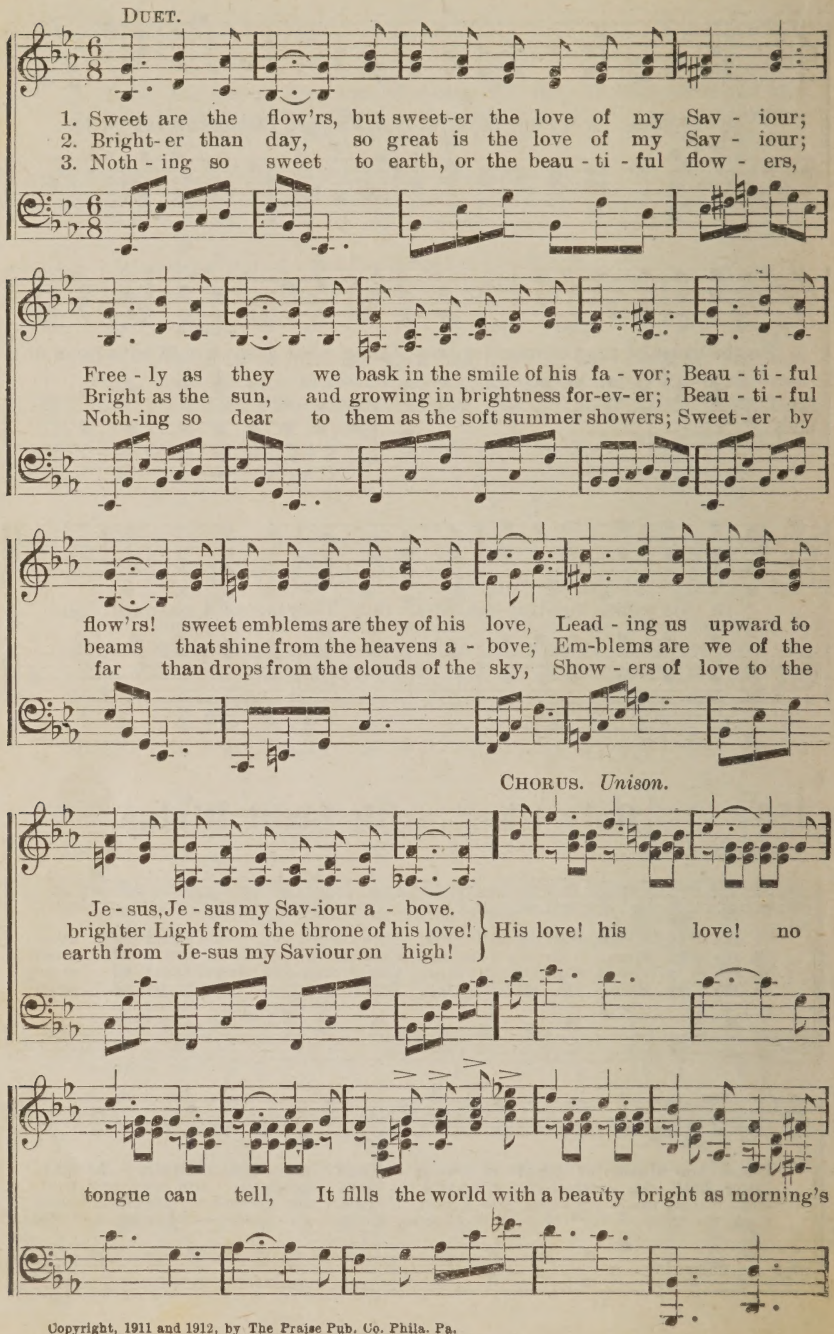
ANDREW REED. Mercy. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

181 My Saviour's Love.

S. C. Kirk. Vivian Jones.



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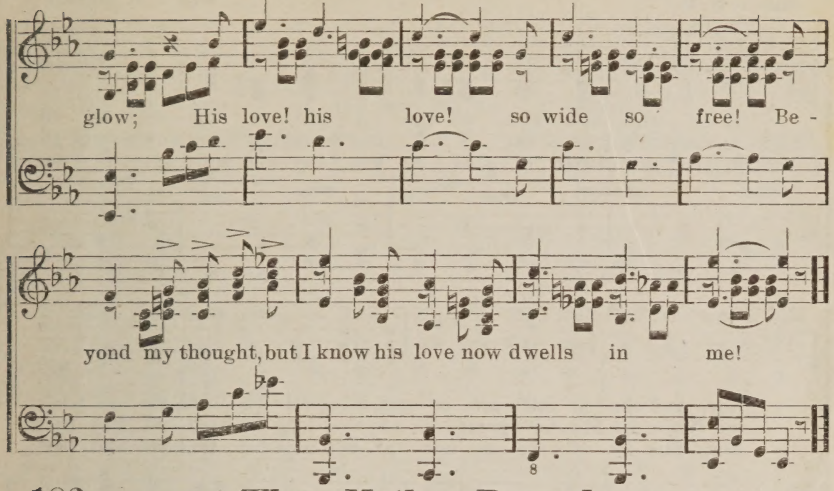
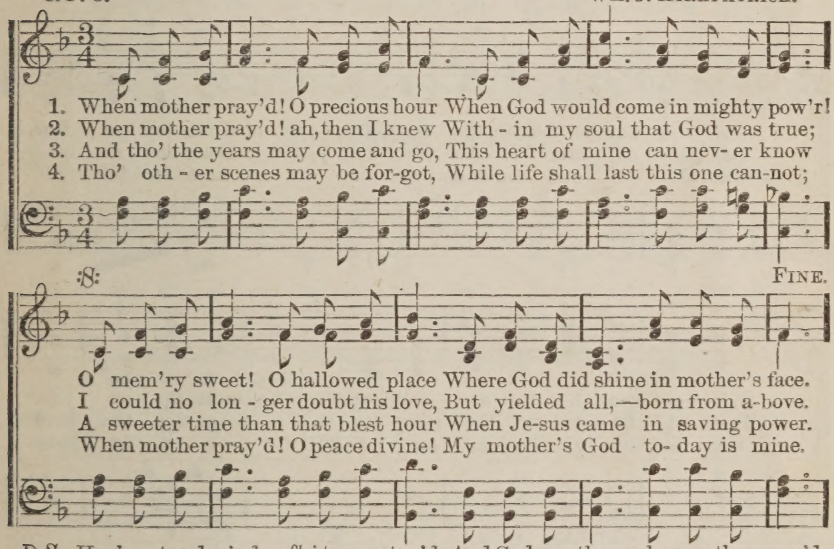
My Saviour's Love.—Concluded.



182 When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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183 The Conflict of the Ages.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Unison.

1. Lo, the con - flict of the a - ges is up - on us to - day, And the ar- mies are as- sem-bling all in bat - tle ar - ray;
2. Catch the vis - ion of a lost world go - ing down-ward in sin While the Mas-ter's great com-mis-sion long un-heed - ed has been;
3. See the church of God a - wak - ing and with glo - ri - ous zest She is ly - ing on her al - tars now her no-blest and best;

Are you number'd with the faith- ful, one of God's loy - al few,
See the chil- dren of the king-dom join'd in heart and in hand,
Toward the fi - nal con-sum - ma - tion we are hast - en - ing on,

Who have sworn him full al - le-giance? can he count up - on you?
Press- ing for-ward in the strug-gle to re - deem this fair land.
And the time for loy - al serv- ice will for - ev - er be gone.

CHORUS. *

Have your eyes caught the vis-ion? have your hearts felt the thrill?

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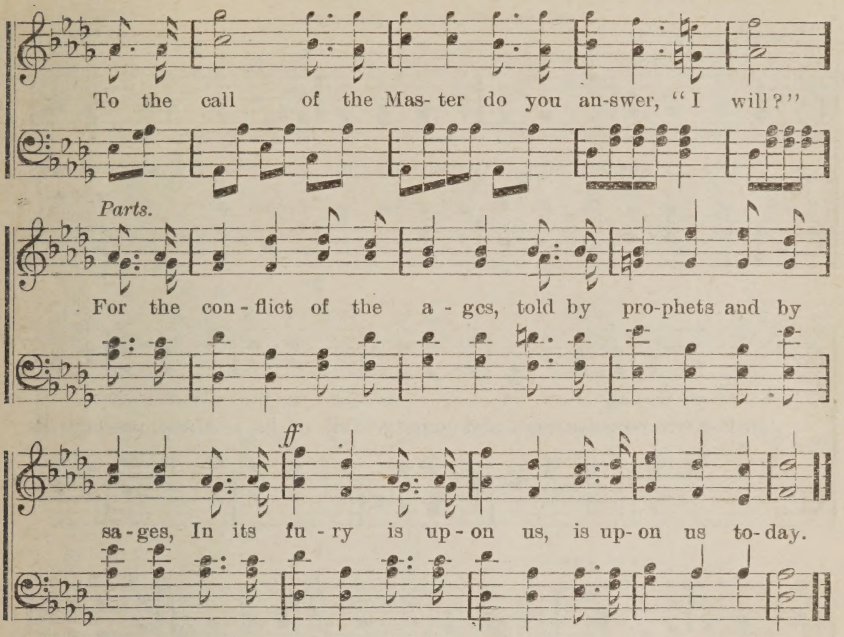
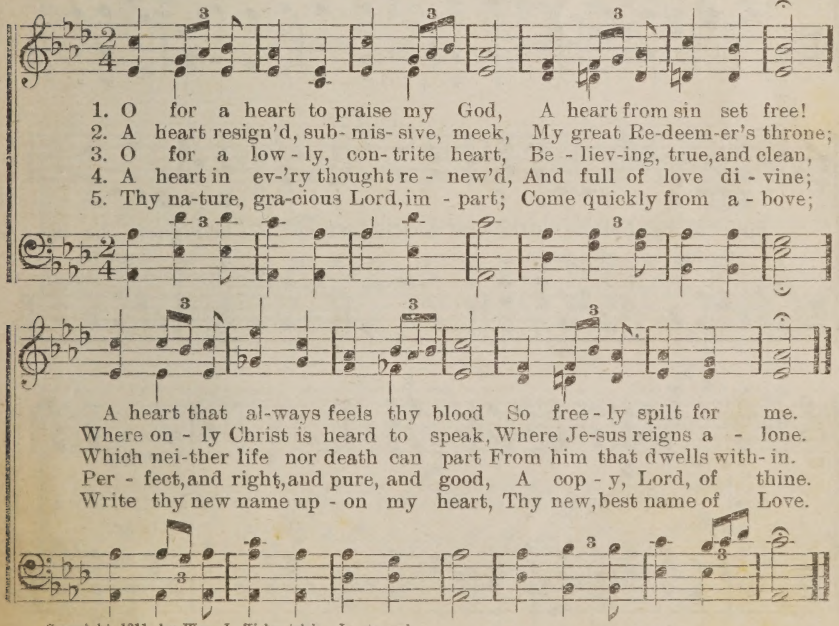
* Small notes for instrument, or high voices.

The Conflict of the Ages.—Concluded.



184 . Devotion. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Glory and Honor.

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FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a-

dore him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

name to ev-'ry land 'Till all the nations shall own him King forev-er more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For he is good, he is
O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and his mercy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a
is good, O sing, O sing,

host en-camp a-gainst thee, for his pow'r and his love o'er-shadow thee. Sing

praise to the God of bat - tles. Glo - ry and hon - or to the God of

our sal - va - tion! Glo - ry and hon - or unto God our Sun and Shield!

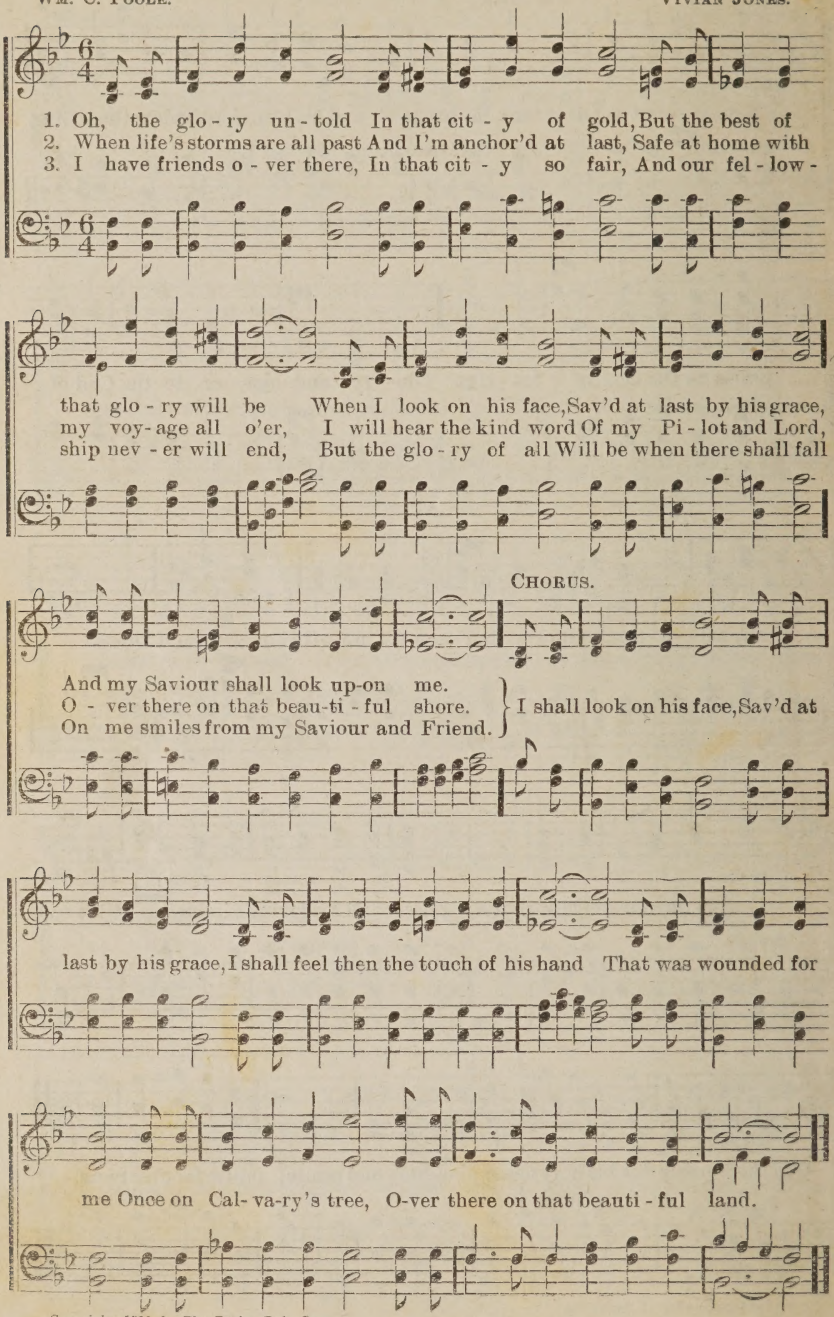
O lift joyous songs of praise, Praise for all his loving kindnesses. Give to

God the worship due his holy name, give glory and praise; praise for ever more.

* Use small notes if desirable.

187 I Shall Look On His Face.

Wm. C. Poole. Vivian Jones.



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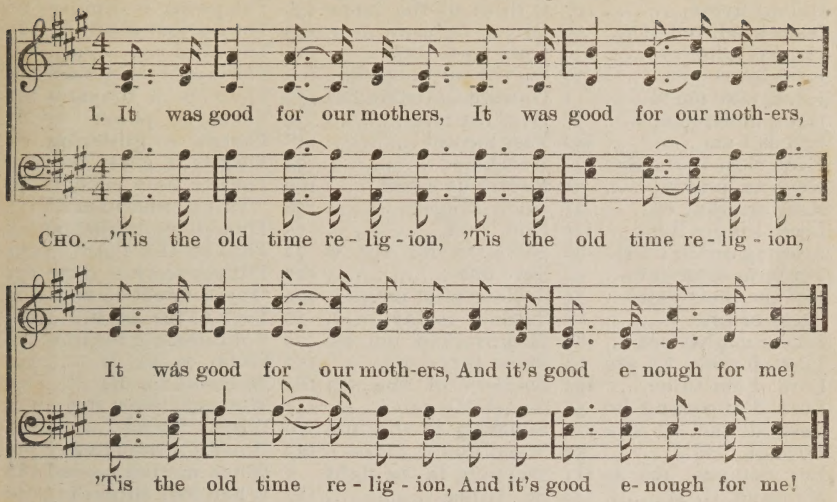
The Old Time Religion.



2 ‖: Makes me love everybody, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

3 ‖: Makes me love the good old Bible, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

4 ‖: It will do when I'm dying, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

5 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

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